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CHARLOTTE AMELIA OLMSTEAD

CARROLL HANFORD OLMSTEAD

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FROM

..... Dr. Charles Olmstead,

..... Cambridge, Mass.....

..... 23 July, 1895.....



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TRUMPET NOTES







Charlotte A. Olmstead,

TRUMPET

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Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, including the word "Lindbergh".

TO
OUR ONLY SURVIVING SON
CLARENCE JULIAN
WHO BEARS MARKED RESEMBLANCES TO HIS
BELOVED MOTHER
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED





PREFATORY NOTE

THESE pages are not thought necessary to keep green the memory of those concerning whom they speak. Nor can they add fragrance to the lives they commemorate. They have been written because of the inquiries of widely scattered relatives and friends, to whom more is due than simple announcements. In our effort to discharge this sacred obligation — “a sort of devotional thing,” as Carlyle says, — it is hoped there may not be wanting testimony concerning the secret of a happy home, useful service, and faithful living. Among papers penciled by the one who was, to so great a degree, the centre of our home life, we find a sheet containing the following words: “As unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, gladden us, so kind

words, gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home." Those who remain in the household are glad to give recognition to the source and sustenance of the bloom by which their home has been blessed. In summoning the type to our aid, we pass by much that touches us most deeply, and attempt little of the nature of a biography. Like the women who brought their gifts to the empty sepulchre, we offer the few "spices" here gathered, as the token of our grateful love.

C. O.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
June 1, 1895.

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**They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
and in their death they were not divided.**

PART I.
CHARLOTTE AMELIA OLMSTEAD

OCTOBER 29, 1858—SEPTEMBER 13, 1894

If some hand is quite still
That we have loved, and kept in ours until
It grew so cold ;
If all it held hath fallen from its hold,
And it can do
No more, perhaps there are a few
Small threads that it held fast
Until the last,
That we can gather up and weave along,
With patience strong
In love. If we can take
But some wee, single thread, for love's sweet sake,
And keep it beaten on the wheel
A little longer ; feel
The same thread in our hands to add unto and hold
Until our own grow cold,
We may take heart above the wheel and spin
With weak hands that begin
Where those left off, and going on
Grow strong.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

YEARS OF BLESSING

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

LOWELL.

IN December, 1879, while a member of the senior class at Williams College, it was my privilege to engage in some special services at a neighboring church. Among those with whom I was thus brought into association was Miss Charlotte A. Truesdell, a member of the pastor's family and a teacher in the vicinity. It did not require careful observation to note the alertness of her mind, her helpful influence, the gifts

which furnished her for usefulness, and the high purpose which gave impetus to her words and work. She was clearly one who sought and obtained, from the highest source, careful guidance in all that she did. Though she had seen but a score of years, her cheerful nature and warm sympathy found expression in much patient effort in the widening sphere of daily service. Whether in the schoolroom, the home, or assisting her brother¹ in pastoral duties, she wrought with delight.

She possessed in a wholesome measure a spirit of mirthfulness² and gift of repartee that gave balance and charm to her weightier words. The first time I heard her speak, she was asked by the Sabbath-school superintendent, now a prominent pastor in New Jersey, if she was in favor of trimming the church for the Christmas exercises; and she replied that she was in favor of *having* it trimmed.

¹ Rev. B. B. Scott, who died in India, November 2, 1886.

² See page 79.

An acquaintance of six months had been followed by an extended season of separation when I made my only visit at the distant home of her parents. One day a carriage in which we were riding was upset by the banks of a stream, an accident for which she was in no way responsible. Being subsequently called to answer for this strange treatment of her guest, I recall with what readiness she replied that she wished to *remove some of the city starch*.

During the three years of separation, two of which followed this visit, she resumed service in the schools of Iowa. Meanwhile letters, which she had a talent and fondness for writing, were frequently exchanged. Then began the united¹ service we have sought to render in the pathway chosen for us.


Though somewhat slight in form, Mrs. Olmstead led a vigorous, healthful life. The knowledge that she had never been ill often prompted her to give most gen-

¹ Married at Dorchester, Mass., Aug. 17, 1883.

erously of her time and strength in the many avenues open to her thought and effort. Her deep interest, practical knowledge, quick insight, and clear judgment enabled her to render much aid in pastoral labor. When choice was to be made among a variety of themes for pulpit treatment, she seemed to know intuitively the one most suited to the needs of the time and to spiritual upbuilding. She had a happy way of exhorting and leading others in the path of duty without giving offense, and her confidence, sometimes given under adverse circumstances, was not bestowed in vain. Any differences which came to her notice were quickly harmonized, and a keen sense of propriety guided her course.

I have been reminded that one of the last services in which she engaged prior to her illness consisted in arranging for the aid of a needy family living at a distance, with the members of which she was not personally acquainted. She lived in the present, and thought of the future with

.



trust. Though active and buoyant, she never seemed to think of long life for herself. Had she known of its termination at thirty-five years, it would apparently have made little difference with her course. She neither sought for nor shrank from the vision of earthly life beyond the noon-tide hour of man's "threescore years and ten."

Of her eleven years of married life, nearly six were spent at Oswego Falls, N. Y. When going there, the church work was in its incipiency. The setting up of a home, dedication and furnishing of the new house of worship, and gathering of the people, gave opportunity for ample service in varied ways. She sung in the church choir, presided over the Woman's Missionary society, organized the children for missionary work, and was active in the Sunday-school. For a portion of the time she was superintendent of the primary department, where her fondness for children found a choice field for exercise.

To one forming such strong attachments, removal was not easy. Nevertheless she went joyously about new duties in her subsequent home at Cambridge, Mass., recognizing the genial surroundings and generous opportunities for lending a helping hand. The love manifested in the providential guidance of life's pathway was to her a constant source of gratitude. If sun and stars did not appear, and noontide observations could not be made, her faith was able to find the magnetic pole of duty, toward which she most cheerfully journeyed. These pointings of the compass needle she always tested by the "lamp for our feet," and upon some of the most vital and momentous questions of her life it did not fail to cast a clear and unmistakable gleam.¹

¹ It may not be wholly out of place to state by way of illustration that once when seeking guidance concerning a correspondence with one who was not a professed Christian, she felt the necessity of deciding the matter, and sought the mind of the Lord in her evening devotions. Asking for some message that might deepen her impressions of duty, she opened her Bible at random, and the first words which met her eyes

One of the most delightful periods of her life came in the autumn of 1893. At this season she received an extended visit from her mother, the first she had ever enjoyed in her own home. Those who saw her most during this period for which she had unselfishly planned were impressed with the queenly delight and satisfaction with which she escorted her appreciative visitor about, and the heroic calmness with which she parted from her when the sojourn was at an end. In a letter written at this period for the "chain" to be sent to our sister in India, she says :—

DEAR KINDRED,— I 'm "the last leaf" and must not keep these splendid letters one more minute from the one across the sea. I have accomplished but little to-day, but that is the

were: "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord." (2 Chron. xix. 2.) On a subsequent occasion, when a similar matter in which I had a personal interest was under consideration, she tested her convictions in like manner, meeting at once the passage: "And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he." (1 Sam. xvi. 12.) It should be added that this method of using the Scriptures was with careful limitations, and in no way an appeal to chance.

way the days go. However, I trimmed my bonnet, and spent the dollar I saved to buy a ticket to the lectures to be given for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association. These lectures are studies in modern missions. The first one, given this P. M., was very interesting and helpful. Miss French has just called and let me read a letter she received from Miss Bates. I almost feel that I have seen her, and surely I could not be otherwise than interested in her work, carried on where one we loved so much laid down his life. And when I remember that she is working for the One who laid down his life for us all, I am still more glad that the work is being blessed. I am sorry to think of parting with mother next week, but know that others have claims upon her time, and her visit surely has been very pleasant.

A leaflet which she prepared as her contribution to the Thanksgiving service, which came some days later and followed a day of highest happiness in the home, reads :—

I am thankful to God for a Christian heritage, for the influences ¹ which led me early in

¹ See p. 71.

life to give my heart to God, for the pleasant paths in which I have been allowed to walk, for a new desire to have Christ living in me, for the recent evangelistic meetings¹ to help develop my Christian life, and that I love my church home better than ever before."

In a fuller sheet, intended for myself, she speaks with gratitude of having a minister of the gospel for her husband, two healthy children to make the home brighter and the world better, of the strengthening of new religious impulses, of so long a visit from her mother, the safety of her return, and so on. It was but a short time after, that she took cold with the oncoming of winter, but thinking it a slight affair, went on the afternoon of December 8 with me, to visit at the homes of two neighboring clergymen, and to call upon a family of newcomers at the church. On her way home she procured some garments for the children, to each of whom she gave especial attention after reaching home. On my

¹ Under the auspices of the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association.

return from an evening's tarry at the church, I found her smitten with pleuropneumonia, and a shadow resting upon the hearthstone not easy to be dispelled.

THE VALLEY OF BACA

A single step and again a step,
Until by safe degrees,
The milestones passed, we win at last
Home when the King shall please.
And the strangest thing is often this,
That the briery, tangled spots
Which cumber our feet should be thick and sweet
With the Lord's forget-me-nots.

MRS. SANGSTER.

And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his
own. LOWELL.

OF such an illness, before any indication of it began, she had felt a strong premonition, as she often did of many things. When a speaker, at an evening service, alluded to the Lord's way in sometimes preparing the spiritual harvest-field by sickness and death, she felt the call come to her. In a Scripture "Almanac," a copy of which she had secured, and which had been prayerfully prepared, she read for her birthday: "The Lord will

perfect that which concerneth me." For mine: "God is a very present help in trouble." For Clarence's: "So He led them through the depths." For her mother's: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Other dates had passages as appropriate. She knew that she was "saved," and was assured that while the sickness would be severe, she would not be called away in its severity. These statements will help account for the calmness and faith which marked the tedious pathway she was called to pursue.

Of the ministries in her behalf, space will not allow me fully to speak. From hearts and homes far and near, unceasing prayer was offered in her behalf. All that love and skill could do was done. Tender remembrances of flowers, delicacies, and helpful gifts came daily from every quarter. These, together with faithful nursing and attendance, gave her comfort and joy.

"What could our love have done? We tried
To hold her fast: cried

To the tender Hand
That we might understand
The right way, day by day —
That she might stay."

With the successful passing of the first crisis of the disease, there was an enlarging circle of those who believed, with her, that the end was not yet. There were, however, very few visible tokens upon which a hope of improvement could be based. Of each step in the progress of her sickness, she previously received definite impressions. For weeks it was feared that tubercular disease might develop, but this she did not fear, and did not experience. High fever and prostration continued, however, until early in March, 1894, when the breaking of an abcess in the left lung, which had been congested by the disease, brought on violent coughing, and complications appeared which, from the medical point of view, indicated speedy dissolution. On the evening of March 9, while a meeting was in progress at the church, she was led to speak fully of her condition

and affairs, that in case she should be subsequently called away, her wishes might be known. At her bedside on the evening named, the family circle talked with her freely of the possible dividing of the stream of family life; and the gates of the Celestial City seemed to stand ajar and allow some of the splendor to fall upon the earthly path.

Those were sacred days, and the sick-room became indeed a Bethel. It was an "upper chamber, whose windows opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace,"¹ if we may judge by the motto which still hangs upon the wall. This spirit she imparted to those who came near. Nevertheless, the yearning of heart which began with the first week of her illness, let no one seek to imagine who has not wrestled till the break of day, as Jacob with the angel, when apprehension and sore distress cloud the soul with darkness as the dearest ones of earth are

¹ *Pilgrim's Progress*, p. 135.

pluming their wings for the homeward flight. But so much that was tender and beautiful was revealed at each step that fear was overcome. Even Clarence (nine years of age) said that he would not want to call her away from so beautiful a home as she would go to, and added: "But, mamma, I would rather die right now than to have you die!"

"God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side —
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified —
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When we shall wake,
I am quite sure, we will be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad."

It is not strange that an acquaintance begun in the house of God, where each had gone with a task to render, should have developed along a line that brought helpful ministries at this time of need. When the budding staff of companionship upon which I had leaned so heavily seemed most ready to break, there in the borders of Gethsemane came the fullest revelation

of the presence and power of Him who "trode the winepress alone." At the Christmas time, which has been a special anniversary season in our home, the lullaby hymn of redemption which was sung at the dawning of a new day of dispensation seemed to be echoing in our hearts. We heard it in strains of music ministered by loving friends; the starry sky suggested its silent message of sustaining power; the birds that warble their melody from grassy dell and forest glade did not seem to have gone to stay, and the gladsome voices of Sunday-school children seemed to catch the key and chant in unison the sweet symphonies of redeeming love. The Deliverer, of whom the sick one had sung at the time of our first acquaintance,¹ did not forsake the chamber of suffering at the season of conscious need.

During the two days (March 10 and 11) which followed the especial season previously named, I was moved to make dili-

¹ See p. 101.

gent use of my pen in jotting down much that was tender and beautiful which was uttered by the sick one concerning many things. I have not the heart to rehearse a tithe of what was said in these eventful days. Much was meant only for the individual guidance of the members of the household, and some things from their very sacredness were not to be further revealed. At the same time, touching letters were dictated to sisters and friends and necessary directions given in case of her removal from earth. These remarks were interspersed with frequent reference to household needs as they arose. Her activity in these respects never lagged. While very ill, she planned and arranged many household matters, as well as programmes for occasional meetings of organizations she was wont to attend, and seemed to think of others rather than herself.

Among the copious notes to which reference has been made, I select a few disconnected items:—

I should like to get well, while we live here, anyway for a time, even if I am taken away later. I should like to get well long enough to get some things in better order; to go over to the church and tell the people how good the Lord has been to me, how He has raised me up even for a time, if I don't get very well or strong. I think I must feel somewhat as Mrs. W—— did. I have been thinking since I was taken sick, — Dr. H—— gone, Mrs. C——, Mrs. P——'s little girl, etc., that I would like to live to enjoy life, but am willing to go if it is the Lord's time. The way I feel physically, and concerning the trust I have, is that I shall have a good many kisses from Carroll yet. I remember when we knelt to pray for Clara H—— it was the thought that, for the sake of the parents and friends, God would, for that time at least, spare her. So about Clarence's illness three years ago, I prayed that for the sake of Carroll he might be spared, that they might enjoy each other's society. So concerning myself, I feel like praying that I may be spared, for a time at least. I cannot think of any special prayer I have ever made that has not been answered. I have kept a list of requests in my desk, and have loved to watch the answers. God will keep all his promises.

My thought is to be raised up for the sake

of the children who need a mother's love, for the sake of the church which is praying so earnestly, for the sake of friends, and the cause of Christian faith in the world. I want to get well to show you how much I love you. This morning (March 10), Clarence came in and gave me two kisses on the lips and one on the forehead, saying, "Mamma, I have been praying for you." He knew I was alive. Last night Carroll came in from Mrs. H——'s and pressed two of the sweetest kisses on my lips. The second he pressed down so long and sweetly. If I never get well, you can tell him of it, and tell Clarence that I'll not be very far away. It seems as if the Lord would let me get up for a while, to answer Clarence's sweet prayer. I know we have grace and strength for to-day rather than to-morrow. I had it last night. I saw that the promises are for the present, when you said that even perfect health to-day is not assurance that we shall have it to-morrow.

In a letter dictated at the time to a sister far away, she says : —

I have thought often of you while lying here. Sorry you have to work so hard, yet honest labor is ennobling. Carroll is a very sweet, dear little boy, and I would like to get

well and live with him and Clarence. When the Lord takes me to heaven, I will be looking for all the rest of my brothers and sisters, and mother and friends. I shall hope to see you and your family there.

Of the many marked and helpful visits, prayers, and testimonies in her room when occasion permitted, or of the delight and aid received therefrom, I need not speak at length. Many such ministrations came at the season above-mentioned, and as the close of the day and week approached, we were cheered by the presence of a brother in the flesh, who came from his studies and pastoral work to be with us for a brief season. The night brought the spirit of prayer intermingled with praise. On the following morning (Sunday, March 11), she said:—

Oh, I am so happy, this morning! Not an ache or a pain! I do not know how you feel. How does Julian feel? I asked this morning for strength to sit up a little, and the Lord seemed to say, "Why don't you ask for strength to go down stairs?" I am full of cry

this morning ; I am so happy because of what God has done for me. I will excuse every one for saying, "Praise his holy name!" They can say it all they want to after this. I am trying to live moment by moment — such a habit as breathing. I think it possible, as indicated in a book I have been reading. . . . Thank you, you sweet babe, for the toothpick and glasses. Mamma wants to get well for your sake. Papa, you must tell him those little things, if I don't.

On the previous afternoon, when a friend had called, she asked : "Won't that Harvard Senior get tired of playing with those two babies?" She was told that it was Carroll with the squeaker, and was asked if it would not disturb her. She replied : "No, nothing they do can disturb me. I love them too well."¹ Concerning a sentiment expressed in the prayer of that morning, she said : "I am willing to live *as an invalid, for the sake of the children.*"

¹ It is not surprising that months after her removal from earth, the piano practice should have been interrupted one day with a flood of tears, the cause for which was given in response to our inquiry : "I was thinking how kind mamma always was."

On Sunday morning she requested to have family worship in her room, saying: "Read what you would otherwise select, unless you read one of those beautiful Psalms. Oh, there is such a beautiful chapter I have been reading, John xiv.!" She joined in the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," and prayed, "If it be thy will that the prayer of our son may be answered that I may walk around, grant that I may be raised up, for a time at least." Then followed petitions for the helpers, children, family, friends, work, and other interests. Later she said, "Will Clarence know that it is time to go to church? Probably he is reading." To the suggestion that he might go to preach, in time, she replied: "I know from the way he spoke that he intends to, some day." That morning she said: "Last night, when half asleep, I went through all the final scene of burial." She then rehearsed suggestions concerning such arrangements as might be needed. The place of funeral and interment, the

service, bearers, music, dress (including mention of the white wedding-shoes), and general procedure were all considered. She added, after mentioning additional items : " We have never talked these things over, and it will do no harm." In speaking of those who might be at the funeral who were present at the wedding, she said : " I shall not be far away," and, in another connection : " I shall be with Pa and Ben and Mrs. C——, and many more."

" O dearest one, we saw thy white soul shining
Behind the face,
Bright with the beauty and celestial glory
Of an immortal grace."

A violent siege of coughing during the day brought great prostration, and it was thought by attendants that she could not see another sun. In answer to her prayer, she sat up while the cough lasted and said : " Christ is in me now ; I took Him more decidedly last Sunday. That is when I began to get better. The cough did not weaken me to make me tremble, to-day." It was during the night, however, that she

found it would be very easy to allow the putting off of the earthly tabernacle, and, for a moment, thought she was going out therefrom. At this moment came the remembrance of her dear children, and she prayed earnestly and definitely for restoration. Beautiful, pleading petitions drew out the spirit of her watcher to unite with hers, and assurance was given that the time would be lengthened out. She mentioned many cases in proof of God's power, and expressed a desire that all petitions should be definite and persuasive. She repeated several times, using the strengthened form of the revised version, a passage found marked in her Bible: "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." (Mark xi. 24.)

With the increasing desire for the physical manifestations of that "more abundant" life she knew she possessed, came an increase of God-given faith and assurance that the voice of "a stranger," the



voice of the tempter or the voice of doubt could not rob her of what God truly gave. She expressed gratitude for my presence, and said she had prayed many times during the night for healing and help. She remembered that God had never disappointed her in anything, and heard, as at previous times, his voice of promise. She said, "It came the same way, and I know it is He."

The morning gave evidence of peace and restfulness, and indication that a critical season had been passed. During the day she dictated a telegram to a sister in Iowa: "Apparently no immediate danger, but come this week if possible." Among other things she said: "I wanted to tell you what the Lord said so plainly: 'Do you think I would have given mother, that saintly woman, such assurance of improvement in health, if there were no grounds for convalescence?'"

The lapse of a few days brought the sister to whom messages had been sent, and

an added comfort to the sick-room. Some improvement in the condition of the sufferer was noted in the ensuing weeks, until, on the 6th of May, the external breaking of another large abscess gave added relief to the congested lung. This she looked upon as a marked expression of mercy, and felt daily the sympathy of Him who had the wounded side. The suggestion from within, that her Saviour spent forty days on earth with the spear mark in his side, was followed by another that subsequently found interpretation in the coincidence that just forty weeks of illness had been her portion.

“ When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise ! ”

Memorial day was one to be especially remembered in our home, for upon that morning she was placed at the family table, at breakfast, and from that time was very seldom absent until her death. A shadow which fell across our hearthstone

from a distance that morning was dispelled ere night, but another was lingering at the time. The cause was that the sunny face which for three years had brought so much joy and mirthfulness to the home had been for fifteen days confined to quarantine limits because of scarlet fever. Still he was counted almost well, and his music throughout the house was expected directly. Of the sudden turn in the recovery consequent to the poison of the disease, and the triumphant entrance into the city whence they go no more out, I shall subsequently speak. It was a joy to the mother's heart that in these days of trial she could go to the room of her loved one and carry some of the tenderness and sunshine he had bestowed so freely upon her during the months of her weakness and distress. It was a comfort to the family circle as well, that in the events of the ensuing days we could have the counsel of one whose love for him had never failed ; that she could listen to the funeral service

and look upon the sweet face as it lay among the flowers, ere it was borne to the place where, with mamma and brother, he had picked daisies the year before.

On the 26th of June, about two weeks after returning from the interment, while crossing Harvard Bridge, an accident occurred which for a time incapacitated me for public ministerial service. Though of a hazardous nature, this accident is now seen to have been peculiarly providential, as it brought about a change of plans for the summer before a season of unusual heat was ushered in, and undoubtedly added to the life as well as the comfort of my companion. The first Sabbath after the occurrence, I was able with Mrs. Olmstead to attend the communion service, at which the only child left us was received into the membership of the church, and two days later we were all *en route* for my birth-place among the hills of Walton, N. Y.

The journey was made with marked ease and success. The meeting that was in

store will long linger in the minds of those present, as the type of a happier meeting at our Heavenly Father's house. How much the summer was to give us we did not realize till all was past. It brought comfort and invigoration. It gave opportunity for united prayer at the little flower-strewn mound where sacred dust was sleeping. The greetings of friends and relatives were interchanged. The rest and refreshment of those quiet hills now seem to have brought the joys of the Delectable Mountains of Bunyan's vision. Moses was not ministered to more tenderly when he went up the slopes of Nebo to take the last look toward the promised land. There was sun and shade. There was balmy air, and conveniences for enjoying it. Fish and game could be readily obtained, and the apples on "Lottie's tree" were ripe. Better than these, there were spiritual ministrations amid the busy life of the dwelling-place, that gave it the charm of the land of Beulah. "In this country the

sun shineth night and day ; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, . . . it was upon the borders of heaven." But the summer waned and our thoughts turned toward home. Thither we set out on the 25th day of August, stopping for service on the Sabbath at Springfield. We were most hospitably entertained in the home of a friend¹ where we had been so cordially received on our wedding day. In the early morning of the day before our intended departure, a call came from Mrs. Olmstead's room in response to which she informed me that death seemed near. She added : "I do not want to die here, I want to get home." I found that especial exertion in adjusting the windows of the room had superinduced defective action of the heart. This was in a measure due to the displacement of this organ occasioned by the nature of the disease, and in part to the wasted condition of the vital powers. She rallied, however, and

¹ Principal F. W. Pease.

on the subsequent day was much pleased to reach home in safety. The closing days were days of delight. She assisted in household duties, wrote numerous letters, read, sewed, crocheted, or rested at will. From time to time she was able to see various callers. She joyfully shared, second hand, the tender welcome home given by the people, when among genial mottoes and gathered flowers all had joined in singing:—

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.”

On an afternoon of the week following our return, we drove through Mt. Auburn, and she gave suggestions with regard to the marking of the cemetery lot at Walton where the body of “our Cambridge boy” had been laid to rest. She spent a portion of the ensuing Sabbath¹ on the piazza and

¹ It was the raging of destructive fires in the pine lands of the West, rather than the consciousness of trials nearer at hand, that had prompted the closing words of the sermon that morning, in which a marked passage from her Bible was used: “Tenderly comes the message to his believing children, ‘Fear not: for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by

in the yard, and not until the following day, with its severe heat, did her condition give increased ground for apprehension. Among other disturbing indications was noticed on this day a return, in slighter form, of spasmodic action of the heart, which prevented her leaving the room on the two ensuing days. On this last day that she was downstairs, she saw a few friends, and was much pleased to meet a fellow church member¹ who had recently returned from extended missionary service in a distant land, and in whose labor she had been much interested.

On the 13th of September she seemed much stronger, sat up a good share of the day, and enjoyed much the food prepared. The visit of a former member of our

thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; and upon the battlements beyond the river which the fires have never crossed will the verdict forever stand, 'quenched the violence of fire.'"

¹ Rev. J. K. Browne, of Harpoot, Turkey.

household, with her child, gave her much pleasure, and she remarked that it seemed natural to see Mr. Olmstead with a little boy in his arms. She had attended to every detail of personal affairs, and requesting that the binders for the "Youth's Companion," promised Clarence on his tenth birthday, should be procured at the earliest convenience, and having completed her review of the new singing book introduced at the church, she lay down that she might be rested for the supper hour. Meanwhile letters were sent to our parents in which the present situation was canvassed. She expressed delight in the preparations made for her supper, but when all was in order called my attention to a return of former symptoms. It was made clear at once that nothing could be done to give more than momentary relief. As she lifted her voice in prayer, she began with the tender words, "O Saviour!" To various questions she made reply. As her sister reached the bedside and noted the condi-

tion, she inquired: "Lottie, are you going to be with Jesus?" Lovingly came the response, "Yes, I guess so." I further asked: "Is Jesus with you?" and she answered emphatically with bowed head, "Yes." Clarence added his kiss from trembling lips, and in a moment, as the city clocks rang the sunset hour, all was still. There, untasted, was the supper we had brought, but we knew that for her the "hidden manna" had been prepared, and that she had gone to sit down at the "marriage feast."

Turning subsequently to the Scripture Calendar, which had long helped to provide daily food for daily struggle, I read again the words for the day, and noted for the first time that they were the words she had spoken years before among the Berkshire Hills, in response to a sacred question I had asked: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." No frosts had settled upon the earth to mar the summer's verdure, and we knew that in our hearts and

in our home there had fallen naught save
the dews of the eternal dawn.

“ And we shall find once more, beyond earth's sorrows,
 Beyond these skies,
In the fair city of the ' sure foundations,'
 Those heavenly eyes,
With the same welcome shining through their sweetness
 That met us here ;
Eyes, from whose beauty God has banished weeping
 And wiped away the tear.”

CORRESPONDENCE

If we bend close to see
Just what the threads may be
Which filled the quiet hands,
Perhaps some strands
So golden, or so strong, may lie there still,
That we our empty hands may fill,
And even yet
Smile though our eyes be wet.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

NO effort has been made to collect letters from Mrs. Olmstead's pen. Numerous and widely scattered as they have been, they seem to be the possession of those to whom they were sent. Some are at hand, from which a few extracts and selections are added to those taken from the extensive correspondence in which occasion has permitted me to join. These extracts are from letters written in the ordinary course of a busy life.

The first one personally received was

written from Boston, March 25, 1880, after a night of seasickness in journeying from New York. It contained Easter greetings for her Sunday-school class, and in it are found the words: "As I have written this, the thought came, the Lord is good, the Lord is merciful, I know He did watch over and take care of us."

On the occasion of a visit to the Thousand Islands, she writes under date of July 28, 1880:—

This morning grandma and I thought we would walk up and view the Thousand Island House, and then expected to get some one to row us across the river to Mallorytown. Providence directed even in this, and we were just returning when I looked back and saw your father turning the corner of the street. I walked fast and said, "Mr. Olmstead!" You can imagine the remarks that were made by myself; how the words, "You dear girl, where did you come from?" sounded from your mother when we entered the hotel where they boarded. They were going to sail around the islands, and were just getting ready to start. I went with them, and cannot tell you how much the trip was enjoyed. You will try to imagine

how it would have been enjoyed by yourself had you been in the same circumstances.

Writing on the train by which she left Oswego, N. Y., August 17, 1880, to return to her Iowa home, she speaks of the answers to the prayers offered at the home of a clergyman on the occasion of her leaving for the East two years before. In speaking of her blessings, she adds:—

I was in the iron foundry this morning, and saw how rough and black the iron was at first, and noticed in the other rooms how some of it shone from being refined and rubbed and smoothed, and I was encouraged. I saw too that most of the useful machinery was made out of this black, dirty material. I thought, as uncle explained, if such a change can be made in iron, I have no doubt but God can make of this poor, weak, sinful person, something that will be useful, if I will only let Him, and I am going to let Him.

VAIL, IOWA, February 26, 1881.

Not long ago, in my evening prayer I asked God to help me lead my pupils to Jesus. I asked that J., who is so bright and quick in his studies, might use all his talents for good, and

asked God to impress upon his mind the fact that his early use of tobacco is very wrong, and that he might be convicted of sin. I remembered that Professor P. said once at Mrs. H.'s that he believed that God sent the conviction at the time when asked to, if we asked in faith. It came to me then to ask that in some way I might know that J. had done some extra thinking about his soul, and the thought came that if his teeth (which had been stained badly and made a contrast with his brother's, so white and clean) were nicely brushed in the morning I might know that God had heard and answered. I was n't much surprised the next morning when I went to school, to find that beneath the smile, as he said "Good-morning," shone a row of teeth pure and white. Sister Allie remarked at evening that she thought J. must be going without tobacco, as he did not use any at noon and had brushed his teeth. She knew nothing about the above prayer. This is a little thing, I know, compared with the wonderful ways in which prayers of such men as Mr. Müller and Dr. Cullis have been answered, but it has strengthened my faith.

Writing from home, May 2, 1881, she speaks of three young men in her school who had ceased from the tobacco habit, and

adds: "It is n't due to anything I have said to them, for I said nothing except to let them know that I did not approve. What I said was said to 'our Father.'"

Late in the summer of 1881, as previously indicated, I was relieved from missionary labor in the city of New York for a period sufficient to enable me to visit in the West, where I saw Miss Truesdell in her home and fields of activity. Places of interest associated with her social, intellectual, and religious nurture were visited. I saw the old schoolhouse and the college where for a period she attended, the church where at the age of twelve years she made confession of her faith, the schoolhouses where she previously and subsequently taught, as well as a large number of the wide circle of faithful friends to whom she had become endeared.

At the sessions of the Normal Institute she was a favorite both among the instructors and the teachers who attended, and received distinction in various ways. From

one of these gatherings she writes relative to a position in the Westside schools, the time for the anticipated service not being then arranged :—

DENISON, September 12, 1881.

I am much pleased to think the President of the Board took interest enough in the matter to make such an effort to see me, and feel that indeed "all things work together for good." The only unpleasant thought about taking the position has been the matter of leaving the home school. Now it seems to be so nice that I can teach at home this fall, and then there will be no unpleasantness arising from not doing as the people at home expected me to do. It is all because God has supreme control. No one like Him can arrange all things in the right way. Such matters turning out as they do have a tendency to lead me closer to Him, and I cry out :—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear ;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !"

I am perfectly content, and will do but little about the matter except to tell God to influence the minds of the Board in the right way,

that the decision may be best for the good of the school and all concerned.

WESTSIDE, September 26, 1881.

I began school at home last Monday, and spent a pleasant week. On Thursday forenoon word came from the Secretary of the Board of Directors of Westside, stating that it was the wish of the Board that my school begin Monday, September 26. Pa drove over to our home director's with me Thursday evening, and he said all he cared for was that he was afraid the district could n't be as well suited, but if he was in my place he would want to accept the call to Westside. So if I would supply the school, it would be all right. I knew of several teachers whom I thought I could secure, and as he suggested that I see a Miss B., I thought I would arrange to go on Friday after school. I told the school Friday evening all about my plans, and was a little surprised to see such downcast expressions on their faces. Was more surprised to see the tears roll down the cheeks of some. Everything has turned out just right thus far. I was very glad to leave everything with our Heavenly Guide when the note came about the position here. I am a little anxious to see the other teachers and arrange for school. I look for the Principal to-day. He said he wanted to

see me, to help classify. I am very anxious to succeed, and hope I may. I know I will if my motive for success is pure, and I trust it is.

There is no school to-day, as all business houses are closed and the day is observed as a day of mourning. These little towns have their flags at half-mast, and the stores are draped in mourning. It is very sad. I could scarcely believe it. Unbelievers here are saying, "I should think people would give up the idea of faith in prayer as a healing power, since a whole nation's prayer was not effectual in saving the life of President Garfield." But it seems to me that it does not prove that God has no power to heal, for He could have done so had He thought best.

I desire to ask God to help me begin a new life this morning — one of more perfect trust in Him. I desire to be so wholly given up to Him that He can use me for his glory. If I have any influence over my pupils at all, the influence will spread over a larger field, and I do hope I shall not influence any one in the wrong way.

October 14, 1881.

I feel that I need much help from God to fill the position I occupy at present. I realize that what a teacher does lasts through all eternity, for which work I will be responsi-


ble. I can have that help, I know, if I ask aright. I know that God is very merciful to me, and I need to be very thankful. I am sure that I shall appreciate home more, and fear that I look forward to the remaining weeks of the term as the discontented pendulum did in Jane Taylor's story, forgetting that grace and strength are given as needed, and that I do not have to teach the seven weeks in one day.

WESTSIDE, IOWA, November 27, 1881.

I have been fully decided all along that I would not take the next term. Mrs. T—— said, "Dear me! I don't want you to go away." The Board would prefer that I continue, so when they began to talk that way, and the other teachers expressed their preference to have me stay, I settled down to another winter's siege. My work seems to be here for the present, and I hope I may be enabled to do it for God and eternity.

April 30, 1882.

I can scarcely realize that another year of separation will soon have rolled around, and yet the time seems long enough. I could n't wait so long to see you if I did n't know that a great and kind Father is doing what is the very best for his children. . . . I could not



begin to tell you, in the fifteen minutes in which I wrote at the intermission, all I have to say. It would take nearer fifteen years,¹ and after I have had that many years in which to tell you, it will take even until death, and then, perhaps, in that better country where we know as we are known, you may learn something more. I enjoy the readings much. I wanted to mark all of Psalm ciii.

June 7, 1882.

I am at school at 8.15, and none of the pupils have yet arrived. There is one here who would like to be taught, and I say, "Teach me thy ways." I want to walk in right paths. I want to be as certain that I am following Christ as I am that I am in the right road that leads to my schoolhouse when I come mornings, and as certain that I am traveling the strait road that leads to the heavenly home as I am that this same road leads to my home here.

All is so quiet here — not any noise but the sound of the gentle wind and the singing birds, which have lightened my heart, and I am cheered for another day's work in the schoolroom. When I think of the young minds that are being trained for the future, I

¹ Our acquaintance covered a period of nearly fifteen years.

feel that this is important work, and I know that the responsibility is great. I desire to do the work as the Master would have me. I've been looking for our county Superintendent, but he has n't come yet. I must n't forget that a greater, far greater than he, looks in at our work every day, yes, every moment.

For a portion of the summer of 1882 Miss Truesdell had the care of the household at home during an extended absence of her mother in the East. The butter she made was pronounced excellent, and she herself affirmed that the eggs gathered were as good as if her mother had collected them. July 31, 1882, on receipt of earnest solicitations for her return to West-side, and of a letter from a relative with reference to her anticipated marriage, she sent a communication, in which, as in others not given herein, may be seen the foreshadowing of subsequent years:—

I know I should enjoy the school more than I did the last year, but I left it all with Jesus, and I will teach wherever He says. I have not yet read "Stepping Heavenward." The

very name makes me want to read it, for that is what I want to do. Every day is a step somewhere in my life, and I should hope it were heavenward.

I shall surely let you know if I hear a voice with reference to the time of our marriage, but I have not yet heard it. As I have thought about it, I have told Jesus that I could willingly live on always just as we are, better than I could without acquaintance with you. I told Him too that if you were asked to stand by my deathbed without being married at all, we could both do so without a murmur. I felt just then that I was ready for anything. I believe if the scene which came to me then were actually to take place, that I would say only a short good-by, for you would come to me sometime. I would say, "Weep not, for if it were not best, God would not have ordered it so." I would know that if I could not remain here, that Jesus could see that you could do your work better without me, and He would take me to himself. If He lets us marry, I will know that I will not be any hindrance to you, if no help. So then I say, "Dear Lord, take full charge of us both, and plan for us just what is right and best."

I have often thought what I would want if I were sick, and that would be to have you beside my bed to watch and care for me. I

would want you near me, if I were to pass over the river before you. The future is unknown, but somehow I felt like saying that be it a great many years with you, or whatever it may be, I know all will be well.

On the ensuing day she received notice of reëlection to her former position in the Westside schools, and decided to accept the situation.

HOME, August 13, 1882.

I think the reason I wrote of death in a former letter is because several things called it to mind. I noticed what M—— said of our future, and other things impressed the subject upon me.

AT NORMAL INSTITUTE, August 31, 1882.

There will be a higher grade among the teachers than the A B C grades as at present. The highest grade will be arranged for professional teachers. I'll send my course of study, and then you can see. I'm in A grade now. The Superintendent has arranged that those whose second-grade certificates average more than 85 per cent. can go into the A grade, for the first-class teachers are so few in number.

I need enthusiasm for school work. Will you pray especially that there may be given me from on high all these necessary things, — enthusiasm, energy, tact, — and that success may be manifest in my school work this winter. If I can succeed, it will be through help and strength from Heaven, and to Him “who giveth to all men liberally” shall be given endless praise.

WESTSIDE, September 10, 1882.

I went to church this morning, and took my class, after the boys told Mr. C—— to bring me. They have had no regular teacher since I went away, and at a meeting of the teachers after Sunday-school they elected me.

September 15, 1882.

I am interested in my school work. My certificate reached me last week. It lasts for twelve months, is first grade, and averages over 95 per cent. I don't know why I stand 100 per cent. in two studies, 95 and 96 in so many others, and 97 in theory and practice. Perhaps the latter is because the Superintendent knows what kind of a school I have, and that I did n't apply for it. It is n't because I'm “smart,” but the questions happened to be those I knew.

WESTSIDE, September 22, 1882.

I picked up the "Vail Observer," and my eyes fell upon the account of the death of B— W— and her cousin, who had come from Illinois. It affected me more than I supposed it would. Shortly before I came away from home she was at our house, — a little girl of seven or eight, but brighter and smarter than ordinary children. She climbed on my lap and just covered me with kisses, telling me how well she loved me and how much she wished I was going to teach their school again. The dear child is in safe keeping now, I trust, and her graduation will probably take place in heaven. How little we know "what a day may bring forth!"

I came to my room that night and poured out my heart to Him who cares for all. I was touched more because I realized how heart-rending death is when it comes to our homes, and how very lonely and utterly despairing we would all be if two of the dear ones should be taken from our family, and I could not help but plead that our family might be spared from taking the dread disease. Saturday, after dinner, we drove out to our house after hazel-nuts. I found A— nearly sick, but recovering. I was reminded of how I felt the night before, and wondered if the dear Jesus

did not know my heart through and through. I am so glad He lets us come to Him, and I hope to live nearer to Him.

WESTSIDE, January 16, 1883.

I was encouraged by Mrs. S—— telling me she thought I was just the one for that class of boys, for J—— would n't stay at home now; but last summer when I was away, she had to drive him to Sunday-school. She was afraid I would n't come back to teach this fall, but was very anxious that I should, so I could take my class again. I have reasons to think the boys like me, and I do hope and pray that they may learn to love their Saviour.

Soon after leaving home for the East, in the autumn of 1878, news came that a younger sister was ill. She passed away on December 31, at the age of sixteen years. As the final struggle was nearly ended the sick one said, "The Lord is coming to carry me home." When told that she would soon be an angel, she added, "Won't it be nice!" and passed from the scenes of earth. Among many references to the dear one we find this:—

May 8, 1883.

G—— and I stopped at Mrs. M——'s to get some myrtle and ivy to plant on dear Addie's grave. Mrs. M—— was very glad to let us have it, for she said she had often thought she would like to take something from her garden to Addie's grave, for she was one of her heart's treasures. She always loved her very much, and often gave her house-plants, for she liked to attend to them. I was glad to have her help arrange the plants, for she has had more experience in gardening than I. I could not have endured the work so calmly if I had been obliged to think no further than the grave. But as I knew that our darling sister was not there, but "safe in glory with Jesus our King," I could try to live a better life. I could try to live as pure a life as possible with Jesus' help. I could make stronger resolutions, knowing that He could help me carry them out. It was hard work to choke back the fountain of tears that was ready to gush forth. While I love to think that she is in heaven, yet the flesh does so cling to our loved ones, that it is hard work to look at death as we ought.

VAIL, July 4, 1883.

I will inclose the postal from Brother Ben, which has made me decide to go right off to

Boston. I would rather wait until I hear from you again, but it will make me so much later that I have decided to tell you that I am going to start next Tuesday, July 10, from here at 9 P. M. Please pray that Jesus may go with me and give me a safe journey through. I can trust Him for guidance all the way, and know that if it is right for me to go, nothing harmful will befall me. With great expectations for the future, and a prayer that all may be well and right, I am ever yours,

LOTTIE.

DORCHESTER, BOSTON, July 13, 1883.

I arrived here this A. M. My head buzzes yet from the rattle of the train. I believe I gave you an account of my journey as far as Chicago. As we were starting out from Cleveland, the train was nicely under motion when the coupling broke on the express car, throwing it off the track. It was fortunate that we were going slow, or a more serious accident might have occurred. Christian hearts could not help but see that a divine Providence had saved us from wreck. While we were waiting in Schenectady, a passenger train ran into a freight that stood on a switch, and the engineer was killed almost instantly. If I can keep awake, I will go to meeting to-night.

BOSTON, July 31, 1883.

I am glad you ordered the invitations of a Christian man. I am beginning to see more clearly that prayer does wonders, and that God looks after the little things of life as carefully as great ones.

BOSTON, August 4, 1883.

As I do not expect to have the privilege of writing you many more letters, I want to improve these opportunities while I can. I wanted to tell you the passages I find in my "Mizpah" for certain days. I think the Lord knew what was going to occur upon those days when He directed what to place there. July 25, when we hardly knew whether or not it was right to be married now, and when it seemed to trouble us some, the passage is, "Let not your heart be troubled." For the 26th, the time we arranged the day, the passage is, "I will betroth thee unto me forever, yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment and in lovingkindness, and in mercies." August 16, "And the Lord looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might." For the *seventeenth*, which is the bride's day, the passage is, "And King Solomon gave to the queen of Sheba all her desire whatsoever she asked." The next is yours, and is "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in

the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." All through the month of August they seem to be for us, and the indications in many ways are so favorable, I wonder what would have happened if we had not appointed the 17th for our wedding day.

I am prospering finely with my sewing, and will soon be through. I looked for the invitations to-day, but they will be here soon enough if they do not come before the middle or last of the week. If you are not engaged to preach somewhere the next Sabbath, perhaps you can come and bring them.

BOSTON, August 9, 1883.

I have rejoiced constantly at the thought that we have decided to be married so soon. It is sweet to know that you have not once thought it would have been better to have waited longer, and I am almost certain that the Lord set the day. It is certain that we did not set it, and I cannot help but think that our dear Father appointed the whole affair.

Many letters are before me, written during the years of married life. They were received at various times, when either was absent from home, and are replete with tender and interesting messages concern-

ing the children and home, the church and Sabbath-school, and the places and friends visited from time to time. These I pass over, and select a few lines from letters written to friends during her illness, and which chance to be at hand.

CAMBRIDGE, February 10, 1894.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I am bolstered up in the big rocking-chair, and thought I felt able to write a word to you. This is the first letter I have tried to write. I walked a few steps from the bed to the chair, so you see I am slowly getting better. Carroll fills his pocket and says, "Grandma made it." I am thankful for your prayers, and for so many friends to pray for me. I believe the prayers are being answered.

February 19, 1894.

DEAR MOTHER [OLMSTEAD], — I am allowed to write letters when I sit up, which I generally do twice a day. Yesterday I was up only once, but sat up two hours. I am gaining, though slower than we could wish, but feel that He who has cared for me and provided many loving friends, and who "doeth all things well," knows best. I can take a half-dozen steps or

so to the chair, supported by the nurse or Charlie.

I want to send thanks for the splendid valentine [box of delicacies] I received. It was kind of you to address the box to me. Charlie unpacked it in my room. It was so kind of you to think to send it. If father boards us all winter, where will we go next summer, I wonder? The heliotrope is fresh and green yet. Your letters and Carrie's notes have been a great source of comfort to me in this time of trial. Your prayers have strengthened me, and are being answered. The love you express for me touches my heart. No church could do more for pastor and wife than Pilgrim Church has done for us by way of tender remembrances. Seldom am I without a bouquet of flowers. Have a fresh one to-day. But I have exhausted my paper, not my strength, so will only add love to all, including the children.

Yours, LOTTIE.

May 9, 1894.

DEAR MOTHER [OLMSTEAD],—I am again able to write a line or so. Yesterday I wrote Ma, and to-day my desire is toward you, for whom my love has grown very strong. Since I have been laid aside, I have had more time to think, and have realized how many friends I have. I have felt that father was my friend

ever since he laid the ticket at my plate which was to carry me to Oswego, and then so kindly rowed across the St. Lawrence with grandma and me, and visited with me so friendly; and, when I visit you, he makes me as welcome as an own daughter.

The dear Lord is doing his work rapidly now. It is wonderful how "all things work together." I sleep, oh, so sweetly, and now I need nourishment to make strength and flesh. The Lord will take care of the rest, doing what is best. Sister Emma is a great comfort and blessing, and I do not know what we could have done without her. Clarence is very happy with Rankin, who is a nice quiet boy. Clarence has taken a new stand lately, and was examined by the committee last night for membership in the church, at his own request. We feel very happy, and I know you will remember him in prayer, that this may be a decision for life. Carroll is very well. I have only room to send love and ask continued prayer.

WALTON, N. Y., July 11, 1894.

DEAR MOTHER, — I am stronger, I think, than when I came. I can help myself more; can almost dress myself now. My left side keeps my left arm rather weak, so I have to be very careful of it. We miss little Carroll more

than I can tell you. I dream¹ of him, oh, such sweet dreams when asleep, and think of him almost constantly when awake, and if I would allow myself to give way to the feelings I have, I think sometimes I could not bear it. But I know that God knows best, and I still cling to Him and wish to live closely to Him. I think Emma must have told you the particulars of Carroll's sickness. When lying in his bed she took hold of the quilt with yellow rings and he told her, "Grandma made this quilt for me," saying it twice as he so often did. Mrs. D. told him that Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and he replied, "Yes, He put out his arms to them." He had seen a picture of Christ blessing little children. This seems to be a nice day, and I must get out of doors some. Charlie has taken me to ride twice since I came.

August 17, 1894.

[TO THE SAME], — As this is our eleventh anniversary, I thought I would write some letters to help celebrate. I have crocheted some edging for my new white flannel skirt I have made since coming here, and have it nearly

¹ Such a dream came to her on a night when I had felt most keenly our loss. The same night Clarence also dreamed that he saw Carroll; that he had two beautiful white wings and said to him, "I'm not sick any more."

sewed on. Charlie goes to Oswego Falls to preach, Sunday. Then he preaches August 26 in Springfield,¹ going on home the first of the week. The time has gone swiftly. I talk some of staying a little later and going home with Julian, but may not. I am anxious to go home if it is the best place for me.

CAMBRIDGE, August 31, 1894.

DEAR MISS D——, We reached home from Springfield, where we spent Sunday, Tuesday afternoon. I am some stronger than when I went away. It seemed so good to get home, although I enjoyed being away. I have had many flowers and nice fruit sent me, but have not seen many people yet.

September 7, 1894.

DEAR MOTHER,— Charlie took me to ride Wednesday, and it did me good, I think. I feel that the Lord is still with me, and that in his own good time He will complete the work, for I feel that his power has kept me thus far. I peeled nearly all the tomatoes for the catsup, so you see I am of a little service, if I do make

¹ When this invitation was under consideration, and it was not known what was best to undertake, she turned to her Scripture calendar and found the following passage set down for the proposed date: "Now God himself and our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you."

more work than I am able to do in return. Keep on praying for me. I look up, and find strength many times a day. With much love I am your daughter,

CHARLOTTE OLMSTEAD.

The following is from the last letter written. It was sent to the home where the summer had been spent:—

September 8, 1894.

DEAR SISTER,¹—I have owed you a letter ever so long, and am going to pay up now. We have had breakfast, and I am sitting in a corner of the dining-room in my red plush chair that Charlie gave me for a birthday present at Oswego Falls. I enjoyed an open-grate fire this morning to dress by, but other mornings, except one, it has been warm enough. I have crocheted some since coming home. My appetite is fair, and this morning my breakfast relished, also my meals yesterday. The tub of butter is monstrous, but oh, how good! How is "Little Me," and has my pupil learned any more words? I think I will close and rest, as this is my second letter. Tell Julian to visit us when he comes home. Love to all.

LOTTIE.

¹ Mrs. H. C. Olmstead.

TRIBUTES AND LETTERS

" Think of us, dearest one, while o'er life's waters
 We seek the land,
Missing thy voice, thy touch, and the true helping
 Of thy pure hand.
Till, through the storm and tempest, safely anchored
 Just on the other side,
We find thy dear face looking through death's shadows,
 Not changed, but glorified."

NUMEROUS announcements in the public prints, and letters of sympathy which have come from every quarter, are replete with tributes of love and respect. Many of these tender messages came to cheer the heart of the sick one as the candle of life burned low. Many more from press and pen have been received since her death. Among those addressed to her are found expressions of regret that she could not occupy various positions of service in which she had been accustomed to labor. Others speak regretfully that her

attendance and help could not be had in meetings where her presence had been so often a blessing.

Extracts from the material at hand must be limited and reduced to the lowest terms. The abundance of such kindly expression shows something of the influence of a quiet and unpretending life upon chance acquaintances and friends, and suggests what that influence must have been in the closest circles of relationship and association.

The "Cambridge Chronicle" of September 15, 1894, contained the following, written by one familiar with the incidents of her life and history :—

A large circle of friends mourns the death of Mrs. Charles Olmstead, who passed away Thursday evening, after a long and painful illness. She was born in Lansdown,¹ Ont. (just

¹ Her father, Cornelius Truesdell, was born in Montreal, and her mother, Mary E. Manor, at Oak Point, N. Y. Having returned to her home in Iowa, after a visit at Walton and the Thousand Islands, Miss Truesdell wrote under date of August 29, 1880: "The Truesdells came originally from England. Grandmother Truesdell, whose maiden name was

across the river from Alexandria Bay, N. Y.), October 29, 1858. When she was six years old her parents removed to central Iowa, where she was reared. She received a good education, being a student at Ames College. Subsequently she engaged in teaching, a calling for which she had exceptional gifts. While teaching in Williamstown, Mass., she met Mr. Charles Olmstead, then a student at Williams College, and a few years later, in 1883, when he had completed his theological studies, was married to him in Dorchester. In his first pastorate of six years in Oswego Falls, N. Y., Mrs. Olmstead endeared herself to the people, taking an active interest in the work and life of the church and the community. In July, 1889, Mr. Olmstead became pastor of the Pilgrim Church of this city. Though not strong, and naturally retiring, Mrs. Olmstead's earnest purpose and pleasing manner won the hearts of the people. She took a deep interest in all the work of the church, especially in that of the young people. As far as her strength would permit, she took part in general religious work, being specially interested in the Chris-

Purvis, was of Scotch descent. Grandfather Manor descended from French ancestry. He had blue eyes, and I think we get our dark hair and eyes from grandmother, whose maiden name was Van Deuzen. She was of Dutch or German extraction. Can you make out what I am?"

*



tian associations. Her influence was most helpful. Wherever she came in contact with others, she impressed them with the earnestness of her convictions, her loving nature, and the warmth and sweetness of her Christian character. Her deep spirituality was very marked, and it so moulded her entire life as to make religion very attractive. She will be greatly missed in the church for which she labored until her strength failed, and for which she prayed until the very last. The end came Thursday evening, without suffering. Throughout her long illness the Christian graces were beautifully exemplified.

The same issue contained the editorial comment :—

Mrs. Olmstead was well known for her delightful Christian character, and for her many good deeds and her practical interest in the religious work of the city. The illness which brought her life to an end has been a long and painful one, and she has borne it with great patience and a Christian spirit.

Extended paragraphs in the "Oswego Falls Observer" contained the words :—

The news of the death of Mrs. Olmstead, wife of Rev. Charles Olmstead, was received

here with profound regret. While living in Oswego Falls, Mrs. Olmstead endeared herself to many as a noble Christian woman, both in her church and social life, and there goes out from the homes of the people deep sympathy.

The following obituary notice appeared in the "Congregationalist," under date of September 27, 1894:—

Mrs. Olmstead, wife of the Rev. Charles Olmstead, pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Cambridge, rested from her earthly labors September 13, after a long and painful illness. For twenty-three of her thirty-five years of life she had been a consistent member of the church. As a teacher in the public schools for seven years, and as a pastor's wife in two parishes (the first at Oswego Falls, N. Y.), she wrought faithfully for her Master. She was by nature quiet, and shrank from prominence, but her zeal for the cause of Christ enabled her to do much work for the upbuilding of his kingdom. There was an earnestness, faithfulness, simplicity, and sincerity in her labors which won all hearts. She was a careful, prayerful and thorough student of the Bible, and knew its treasures fully. It was the source of her deep spirituality and the inspiration of her labors. Her religion gave added attractive-

ness to a nature always lovable, and enabled her to exert an influence for good upon all whom she met.

In the two parishes where she labored she was greatly loved. As a pastor's wife she had the heartiest interest in church work, and was a trusted adviser and helper in all his labors. The illness which brought her life to an end began last December. She suffered much, but she was patient in tribulation. In the midst of this severe sickness her younger child was taken away, but she gave no sign of murmuring, bearing her deep affliction in such a way as to show how fully the Christian graces were developed in her heart. For months she faced death quietly and calmly, thinking always of others, and to the very end longing for the salvation of souls. The influence of her sweet Christian life will long be felt wherever she was known.

W. F. S.

Among letters addressed to her, one written March 7, 1894, says:—

I miss you *so* much in our mother's meetings, and felt that I wanted to write and tell you so. I think of you as under the care of the Great Physician, who alone knoweth our frame. And I think of you at Bethel with the God of Jacob above your pillow, and heavenly

messengers to bear your cares and prayers upward, and to bring back the comforting assurance, "I am with thee and will keep thee."

Three days later, when it was known that

"Voices" to her were "bringing
Whispers of joy to be,"

a circle of fellow workers in the Young Woman's Christian Association sent the message :—

What can we say to one whose ears are already attuned to heavenly messages, to one who, passing through deep waters, is less attentive to sounds of earth than to the voice of the Master by her side? And yet we would speak the loving word, to tell you that our hearts ache for your dear ones and for ourselves, because, for a little while, we may see your face no more. And we would speak the word of rejoicing, knowing "that when his glory shall be revealed, you may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Many such loving messages, too numerous to be included here, came from those for whom these pages are intended. Most of them were filled with hope and earnest

desire for the return of health. It is interesting to note the variety of sources from which have come the many letters received since the end was reached. They show how, in humble and unpremeditated ways, she imparted blessing to the lives of others. Such a letter from a company of foreigners who speak the Armenian tongue came at nearly the same time that one was received from the chief executive of the city.

It was Mrs. Olmstead's desire that the Rev. Dr. Creegan, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, should bear a part in the funeral services should she be taken away. Being detained by other appointments, Dr. Creegan sent the following letter:—

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
September 15, 1894.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have already informed you of the sorrow we all feel in view of the news which comes to us of the death of your beloved wife. I had hoped that the way might open for me to be present, and in

response to your request bear a part in the funeral services. Finding it impossible to be with you, I wish to put on record my appreciation of the many Christian virtues and noble traits of character which I have noticed in Mrs. Olmstead during the twelve years of our acquaintance. She came to Oswego Falls a bride, and a stranger to all in the community, but in a very short time she had won her way to the hearts of all by her quiet, lovable character. I am sure that your entire parish in Cambridge will mourn the loss of a dear personal friend, as will your late parish in Oswego Falls.

I have been in the habit of saying, "The most beautiful spot on the earth to each of us is the Christian home where we dwell." I have been in your home enough to know that Mrs. Olmstead had learned the secret of making a model Christian home. No one who has enjoyed the hospitality of your household will forget with what quiet grace and womanly tact she presided in that home.

When I visited you a few weeks ago, and we were all indulging the hope that your dear companion would soon be in health, I noted with what Christian resignation she was bearing the loss of your child who had so recently entered the City of Gold. My heart goes out to you in sincere sympathy in view of the

great sorrow through which you are passing. Twice the Angel of Death has visited you during the year. May the dear Master whom you serve, and whose comforting words you have so often given to others in hours of affliction, be your comfort and support at this time. . . .

Sincerely your brother,

C. C. CREEGAN.

In a letter from the wife of a clergyman¹ in Iowa she is spoken of as "Dear Charlotte, sister and friend, most intimate and beloved of all the world. The only one of my playmates I have ever written to." The letter narrates the following incident to which I never knew Mrs. Olmstead to refer:—

When we were girls about ten or twelve, we were both converted. There was a wonderful awakening — more than a hundred conversions. One night we were standing near together as usual. She was crying. Her father (in the back part of the old schoolhouse) motioned for her to come to him. He said, "Lottie, what are you crying about?" She answered: "I want you to be a Christian."

¹ Rev. A. E. Griffith.

He asked, "Would you be ashamed to lead me to the altar?" And I can see them now, the blessed child and the gray-headed man, hand in hand going to the altar.

Not until the receipt of this letter did I realize how much it meant when she said that in the event of death she would be with that father in the heavenly throng. We have further learned that her own response, together with that of an older sister, in thus publicly entering upon the Christian life on the occasion when the meetings¹ were expected to conclude, led to their continuation and to the results stated above.

From resolutions adopted by the Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association, on the 25th of September, a portion is selected:—

Inasmuch as since our last meeting together, our beloved director, Mrs. Charles Olmstead, has been called to enter into life eternal; and
' Inasmuch as this her great joy and rejoicing

¹ Under Methodist Episcopal auspices.

causes sadness and sorrow to many loving friends of earth, bereft of her sweet presence ; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we of the Young Women's Christian Association realize that we have sustained a great loss in the removal of one who was faithful and devoted in this as in all Christian work, and who was wont gladly to render loving service in our cause.

In the year-book of the Association subsequently issued are the words of the Superintendent : " Her light did not go out in a moment. She lived to endure, and to leave to us the preciousness of exemplified trust in God. The lives of each of our heavenly members will speak to us yet again."

Among the resolutions adopted by the Oswego Falls Congregational Church, September 16, 1894, the following is found :—

Resolved, that as the Congregational Church of Oswego Falls, N. Y., we place on record our hearty and sincere appreciation of our beloved sister's earnest Christian life, her coöperation in all the work of this church, and the influence of her life, which still remains with us.

After a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association, held on the 18th of September, the Secretary wrote :—

I wish I could convey the tenderness and love with which the ladies spoke of Mrs. Olmstead, and the heartfelt earnestness of their prayers for the family who so deeply mourn her loss. There could have been few dry eyes as Mrs. Durrell paid a most beautiful tribute to her memory, saying it was always an inspiration to her to have her at the meetings. I think the ladies felt that because of her loving and faithful example they should be encouraged to labor more earnestly, remembering for each of us it is but "a little while" at the longest before we too shall exchange the cross for the crown, and be permitted to join her in everlasting praises to the God so dear to her.

Later the President of the Auxiliary, whose name appears above, wrote :—

I cannot really feel she has gone and not again can I have the inspiration of her sweet face before me at our Auxiliary meetings! How I learned to love her! and what a sweet comfort she was to me! The lives of just such

women as Mrs. Olmstead help the rest of us to live better lives. How like her own dear self she looked that lovely Sabbath day, — her first Sabbath with the dear Christ. The tears will come, for we miss her.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Pilgrim Church writes :—

The sunshine which Heaven shed so abundantly into her heart, she as generously poured out again for the gladdening of others. Suddenly she was summoned to walk through the valley, but now, on the serene and sunny heights of the home above, she walks with those in white. Now she who was so Christ-like on earth is transformed into a closer likeness, for she sees Him as He is ; and there she waits to welcome her two loved ones to the home where there shall be no more parting.

In an expression of sympathy from the Young Ladies' Auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions of Pilgrim Church are found the words :—

We have lost a most faithful friend. Her sweet face and gentleness of manner impressed one with the belief that she was one of the angelic ones of earth, and no one could know

her without "being better for her living and nobler for her human speech."

In a letter from Miss Virginia Dox, a representative of the Congregational Education Society, she says : —

I shall never forget Mrs. Olmstead's face the last time I saw her, — so full of hope, and so radiant with peace. Surely she was better fitted for heaven than for earth. Her life has been a beautiful benediction to all who have known her.

Prof. F. D. Kelsey, of Oberlin College, writes : —

Be assured that all who ever came within the glance of her sunshine rejoice in her memory, and join you in sincere mourning over her departure. I can never forget her sweet, quiet, genial smiles that ever cheered me when I came to your home or met her at church.

Dr. George R. Leavitt, a former pastor of Pilgrim Church, wrote from Switzerland under date of September 30, 1894 : —

My last mail from Cambridge brings the sad news — sad and triumphant — of the death of

your noble wife. . . . She has made a brave struggle. She knew the high uses of life. I have heard much of her unobtrusive work. I am sure that few so fully fulfill these nobler purposes as did she.

From another member of the same family circle came the helpful words concerning her death : " We cannot talk of it even to each other yet. The grief is too near — too personal. We loved her so dearly — aye, we love her so dearly — and in that thought lies the comfort we shall come to feel later."

The wife of the late President Hitchcock of Straight University writes from New Orleans : " I think of your wife as I last saw her in our home in Cambridgeport. She was so enthusiastic in speaking of the church work, and was then on her way to attend the Young People's Society. Her work was quickly done, but well done for the Master."

Says a young friend : " We shall always remember Mrs. Olmstead as a gentle, lov-

ing, Christian mother and pastor's wife." Says another: "Mrs. Olmstead showed more in her sweet and happy life than can ever be said of her." Another adds: "I am so glad I knew her; for to know her was to love her, and she was the sweetest woman I ever met, and always made me feel like being a better Christian, she was so gentle, loving, and sympathetic." Such expressions of affection do not seem unnatural when her fond mother speaks of her as "a precious jewel," or a former Sabbath-school pupil says: "It was always a pleasure to look at her, even if there was no opportunity for conversation, for her expression and pleasant smile told one plainly of her beautiful character."

The following from a young friend at Oswego Falls shows how this tender regard for her endured the lapse of time: "I loved her so much. She was always so sweet and kind and gentle to those around her. The people here all loved her, and never grew tired of talking about her.

Last evening in prayer-meeting I spoke of her, and how she loved our meetings and our church, and if you could have been here you would not have doubted their love."

One trait of character to which reference has previously¹ been made is referred to in a letter written soon after her death:—

My recollections of Mrs. Olmstead are of the happiest nature. I always expected and received a twinkle as her eyes caught mine. She lived to perfection one point in the Christian life that I am trying to do, that is, she was, and let others see that she was, a happy, joyous Christian. My last good visit with her was at the Congregational Club. We sat opposite each other at the table. I think it was the night she was voted upon as a member. I said to Mrs. D. in her hearing, "Shall I vote for her or not?" When the returns came in with one blank reported [through failure to mark a ballot], Mrs. Olmstead looked at me with those expressive eyes, a happy, reproving look I shall always remember.

At the annual meeting of the Cambridge

¹ Page 2.

Congregational Club, the following tribute was read by the biographer, Miss L. K. Hawes :—

Mrs. Charlotte A. Olmstead, wife of Rev. Charles Olmstead, pastor of Pilgrim Church, entered into the heavenly rest at the close of a bright autumnal day last September. After long months of pain and sickness, she peacefully passed through the beautiful gates into the celestial city, to meet again the dear little one who had sickened and died during her illness. Another saint beholds her Lord. At a very early age she dedicated her life to the cause of Christ, and that life was one of fidelity and zeal, of unbounded devotion and abounding labor, her Christian experience being of a sunny, hopeful cast as she rested firmly on God's word and feasted upon its precious truths.

As a pastor's wife she was in a position that called into exercise all those qualities of tender patience, keen insight, noble forbearance, and Christian charity she so fully possessed. By nature kind and sympathetic, her life and works endeared her to a large and ever increasing circle of friends, and the best tribute to her character is the sincerity of the sorrow at her death. She lived for others, and into their lives sought to pour the strength and richness

of her own. In the sanctuary of home she shone with a lustre whose beauty and brightness never dimmed.

Called suddenly to lay aside the active duties of a busy life, she yet lingered months near the river's edge, bearing pain with Christian fortitude, thinking always of others and longing earnestly for the salvation of precious souls. It is indeed difficult to believe that the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl broken, and that that heart-harp shall vibrate no more to the breath of heavenly inspirations. But upon our sorrow there rises the vision of the city of God ; upon the silence of the grave there break the songs of the eternal world, and we are reminded of the rest by the River of Life, — the hallelujahs of the redeemed, and the crown bright with stars, as she listens to the voice that welcomes the faithful ones home.

My youngest brother, who has been often in our home and has frequently spoken with fraternal appreciation of its blessings, says of the life which has been to so large a degree its maker and main-spring :—

If there is one word which more than another may be used to characterize the life of sister

Lottie, that word, I believe, is "fragrant." Like a flower which lavishly exhales its perfume on every side, so she gave of her nature to all with whom she came in touch. One could not come into her presence and go away the same. She had wonderful power of adapting herself to every one, no matter how different from her in temperament or position, and so all received her influence. Like Paul, she became all things to all, that she might gain all.

Her hold on the unseen world was always most vital and strong, but during the last few months of her life was this especially true. She spoke as one whose eyes had peered into the mysteries of the eternal world. Those mysteries have become to her realities. It certainly may be said of her that she took the things of Christ and showed them unto us.

This spiritual relation gave her calmness and composure at all times. No matter whether she lay at death's door, she was the happiest person to be found. When a severe injury came to a member of her family, she was able to philosophize over it. Not even the breaking of one of the strongest ties which bound her to earth could disturb that inward peace which reigned where no storm, however violent, could enter.

J. H. O.

Another has spoken in language which

may fittingly conclude these extracts. The words come from one in whose love she had confided with a filial spirit and constant delight :—

I am with you in spirit as the days of loneliness go by. We too miss the sweet presence of our daughter. The continual lovingkindnesses bestowed upon her by the Cambridge people were not only very precious to her, but are a great comfort to us. I am thankful also that we were permitted to spend those two summer months together, that we were privileged to draw very close to each other in the early morning, and more especially at the twilight hour, when there was loving communion at the mercy seat.

There was no murmur when the days and months came full of weakness and suffering, no selfish complaining, but she was always present at the breakfast-table with a thought for the happiness of each one. All her hours were laid out with system, — no waste of time ; the garments neatly repaired, the tender letters written, the helpful books read : all this while the body was failing. She devoted herself to her home and friends ; no wonder her love centred in her home, to her the dearest spot on earth. But paramount to this was her

love of Christ. When the call came, "Child of God, your work on earth is ended, come up higher," she longed to stay with her dear ones, she had been so happy, for had she not been having a foretaste of heaven? But sweetly she yielded her will to His, and was ready cheerfully to say, "Thy will be done."

Your loving mother,

S. E. OLMSTEAD.

FUNERAL SERVICES

Then sing, dear heart, thine anthem too,
For death is but the passing through
The corridor between the Now and Then ;
Christ rose, and we shall rise again !
Salpisei.¹

MISS HAYWARD.

THE arrangements for the funeral services were made in accordance with the suggestion of the departed one, and in harmony with the tender guidance of the Unseen Hand that was so manifestly present in what was done and said.² Items from published accounts help set forth the character and details of the services : —

There was little suggestion of death, or the grave, in the funeral services of Mrs. Charlotte A. Olmstead, at the Pilgrim Church on Sabbath afternoon [September 16]. From beginning

¹ See page 93.

² For the words spoken at the public services, a portion of which is incorporated, we are indebted to two of the young people of the church who made stenographic notes.

to end every part breathed of the Christian hope of resurrection and life and immortality. The company which gathered filled the church completely, testifying to the high esteem of the people of Cambridge for Mrs. Olmstead, and their warm sympathy for her husband. Mayor Bancroft and many other persons in public positions were present. Mr. Durrell, President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Miss Danforth and a large delegation from the Young Women's Christian Association, were there to express their sense of the great loss which had come to both those organizations, which had received much of Mrs. Olmstead's thought and labor. Most of the clergymen of Cambridgeport were present, many of them with their wives.

Just before three o'clock, after a prayer by an old friend of the family, the white casket was taken from the home by six young men of Pilgrim Church and borne by them to the church, the family following the remains. At the church they were met by the deacons, who preceded the bearers to the altar. The floral decorations of the church for the service were abundant, but tasteful. Specially attractive was a bunch of thirty-five beautiful roses upon the casket, — one for each year of Mrs. Olmstead's life. — "Cambridge Chronicle," September 22, 1894.

After the organ-prelude by Miss Frye, Miss Annie M. Shirreff sang "The King of Love My Shepherd is." The Rev. C. M. Carpenter of Hope Church invoked the divine blessing.

The Scriptures were read by the Rev. Isaiah W. Sneath, of the Wood Memorial Church, who mentioned that during the illness of Mrs. Olmstead, at the time of her greatest prostration, she committed to memory numerous psalms and other passages of Scripture, using in this delightful exercise the book from which he read. From the passages thus memorized, Psalms 15, 103, and 122 were selected.

The choir then sung a hymn which Mrs. Olmstead had asked some friends to sing on an occasion during her illness : —

"Christ has for sin atonement made,
What a wonderful Saviour !"

after which Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of the First Church, Cambridge, who conducted the service, delivered the following address : —

ADDRESS BY REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D.

It is noticeable that the tone of the Scriptures which have been read is very much more than a tone of comfort. There is a sound of triumph, of victory, of conquest, of joy and eternal delight. This appears even in the psalms of David, which have for so many centuries been the expression of the longing and rejoicing of human hearts. When we come to the New Testament, where the higher teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ are given, we still find how much more there is of triumph and advance than there is of the solace and comfort for which we seek.

Our hearts reach out at an hour like this for strength and comfort. We look for the peace of God. We wish to speak to one another thoughts that shall be comforting and strengthening; we try oftentimes to seek consolation, yet the New Testament gives us something in advance of this. We minister one to another the ordinary solace of life. We try to compare our lot with the lot of other men. We think of the things that are left, the friends who remain. But this is not the spirit of the New Testament or of the psalms of David. There is continually a sound of advance, of triumph,

which makes us almost wonder why our hearts reach out as they do ; that so often they cry for only comfort in time of trouble, and that our ministry to others is so often a ministry of consolation. There is need of this solace for the heart that is broken. When the path is overshadowed, when the house is unroofed and the rain is beating through, that comfort is a real necessity, and blessed are they who can bestow it. Our Lord himself said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted ;" and yet I say that it is very evident that those who wrote the Bible for us had a higher thought of this change which happens to every man, and now has come to her whose silent form waits before us in this hallowed house upon this holy day. For this is a day of triumph ; this is the Easter day ; the day on which death perished and life and immortality were brought to light.

We look into the open sepulchre. We look beyond the changes and chances of the present which now shuts us in, and see Christ in the glory of the resurrection, in the triumph of the rising from the dead. I suppose that our views here, shut in as we are in these conditions and limitations of life, on an occasion like this, differ very much from the views and feelings of others who are concerned. Can you think of a saint in glory, as some one has

imagined it, looking down from the rest and delight of heaven upon the friends gathered around her grave? Her heart is filled with the overflowing of joy, their hearts with the overflowing of sadness. They are chanting the dirge, and she is rejoicing in heaven. How strange that over this which is to her a supreme and eternal delight, those who are left here should be sorrowing to-day! Yet this is natural, and let us never be ashamed or afraid of manifesting that nature which is ours, that makes these partings sad to us.

When we come to the view which our Lord himself had of death, again we wonder that we are not able, or that others are not able to take to themselves the great triumph which attends the prayers you have made in this sanctuary and these homes during these last months. You have been praying that she might stay, and another has been praying that she might go. There has been before the throne of God, mingled with your intercession, another voice: "Father, I will that she whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that she may behold my glory which Thou hast given me, for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." His prayer has waited upon yours. To-day your prayer waits upon his. His prayer is answered. This is the witness. The Saviour whom she loved prayed for her. The

Saviour to whom she belonged has made his petition, and it is granted. A heart that He loved and that loved Him is with Him where He is. And in this there comes to be the fulfillment of the higher hope, the higher promise of life.

To my mind, the supreme thought of the Holy Scripture concerning us is in the words of that disciple whom Jesus loved, and who also leaned upon his breast at supper, when He came to speak of this change which has come to our dear friend, and to so many who have kept company with us here. His reason runs into his imagination, his imagination grows into that endless mystery which he could not express, until finally he lays his pen aside and turns away: "Brethren, I cannot do it; one thing I know, beloved, now are we the children of God. What we shall be I cannot tell you; it is not revealed. I can tell you one thing. When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." I think the Holy Scripture promises nothing so great as that, — being like the Lord, seeing Him as he is; and that is the meaning of this event to-day — the Saviour's prayer answered that she might be with Him. The highest fulfillment of her hopes is granted her, that she should behold Him as He is. That is the grand change of life which transforms a living soul into the

likeness of the divine Saviour, — “shall be like Him.” We cannot be altogether sad when we think of one who has kept company with us here as a child of God, who has now begun to be transformed into that image, and more and more, as centuries pass over her, shall be changed.

This is the Scriptural view of that which we call death. We call it death. It must have come to your notice that the idea and word of death are scarcely mentioned in the New Testament. Here and there, there is an incidental allusion to something called death, but we might easily pass over it all. There are few syllables in the New Testament given to dying. They do not seem to know what it is, in the light of that resurrection day which dawned upon them, the grandest the world has ever seen, so grand that even the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day to the first in its triumphant march. They were not able to think of the sorrow in the presence of the great gain. So John says, “shall be like Him, because they shall see Him.” St. Paul says, “having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.” And our Lord himself says: “In my Father’s house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you ; I will come again and receive you unto myself. I will that they whom the Father hast given me be with

me where I am that they may behold my glory.”

I know — I know well, how hard it is to rise above the sorrows of the present, its changes, the sad events that fall into our lives, and to think upon this higher and holier vision ; yet, brethren, it is possible. It must be possible. It is a part of the Christian faith. We owe it to the world, if we are to bear witness to Christ at all, not to bear witness merely to one who has saved us from our sins, but to bear witness to one who has changed death to life, changed these sorrows to eternal gladness, who has made it the triumph of the soul to die. Can we not in the calmness of our mind, in our patience, bear witness to this? Can we not, even through our tears, let the light of the divine life shine in our eyes and our trembling lips speak the glory of the ransomed of God?

One of the finest Christian scholars of our time, who died in England a few years ago, asked that one word might be placed upon his monument: one word, and that word taken from the Greek, the word *σαλπίζει*, “The trumpet shall sound.” It was in that faith he lay down. It was in that faith he would have those who loved him keep the memory of his life. He would have them feel not that at last he had been defeated, but that at last he had won the victory. It was not the slow march-

ing with muffled drums while the army came with their draped flag around him. It was the martial song of triumph. It was the voice of the trumpet. One had triumphed over life, over himself, over death, over time. The saint had entered the eternal glory. The everlasting victory had come — all that we mean by immortality. The time must come, is slowly coming to us, when we shall feel that this after all is a large part of the witness we must give to the world ; when we shall carry ourselves more calmly ; when we shall let the world feel that all light is not gone out and that the glory of God has come closer to our house and our heart, for the trumpet has sounded.


While we say this of many, it is always a special privilege, a special delight, when we are able to say it with confidence. There are cases, so many times, when we gather around the grave of a friend and our truest tribute is silence. We hush the voice because there is so little to say, and “we hope he has gone to heaven.” Alas ! alas !—if there be nothing more to be said of one than that !—if there be no sound of the trumpet, no assurance that it has been gain to die ; that there were here the spirit and force which have found their full place there ; that the affections of life have gone on, more enlarged than ever ; and the desires of life have come to a grander fulfill-

ment, and the opportunities of life have been vastly broadened, and the glory of earth is broken into the glory of heaven.

We speak to-day, giving God thanks that we need have no carefulness concerning our words when we speak of the triumph of this saintly woman who has fallen at rest among us. It were not necessary, if it were possible, for me to give you her biography. It has just been read to you. All good lives are alike. In the heart, in the principles, the spirit, the image of Christ, they are very much alike. "Who shall ascend into thy holy hill?" "Who shall dwell in thy holy place?" They must always have the same character, the same life. The saintly lives of which we read in the Old and New Testaments were in the end merged into lovelier ones. So it is with our lives. We are to live as God's children. We are to love and follow and trust and serve our Lord Jesus Christ. That is the promise of a good life. That is the biography of this life, more and more of that grace which we call love.

She grew up into the knowledge of God. She opened her heart to the light; she opened her whole being to the light, and she became, in the language of Scripture, which otherwise we should not use, she became a partaker of the divine nature. She felt the eternal influence.

A true and noble woman whom you all loved, she made up her purpose not after the manner of men and the world, but after the power of an endless life. Here in this parish there came still the expansion of that life. Why not? She was in the power of an endless life, and there came to her with this the happy conditions which were hers in the opportunity of living usefully in the heart of this great parish, so that you now sorrow that she is taken from your head to-day. There came the opportunity to show forth that grace which she had received. She came to witness. She came to minister. How near she came to your hearts you know,—how the young loved and trusted her; what a staff in her own home to the minister of this parish; what a life of peace and joy she carried along these streets and into your homes. Do not mistake the source of it, I pray you. Wrong not this gracious memory by calling it hers. It was God's. Do not deny to her the consciousness that was the deepest thing in her being, the consciousness that the life of God was in her and was her life, so that she would have said, and did say a thousand times humbly and gratefully, "The life that I live is not my life; I have no life, but this life that is lived here among you I am living in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."



What, then, comes when the change comes? What possible thing can come? There are some things that defy belief, and one of them is this; that a life like this can end. Another thing that defies belief is that a life like this can fail to gain by every change that God brings to it. To your minds I trust, certainly to mine, it is inconceivable that it should not have been gain to her to have this loosing from the bondage and limits of the flesh, and from this life that had become so often burdensome and wearisome to her, into the freedom of the immortals.

My dear friends, there is one truth underneath all truth which has in it deep comfort and strength. It is that there is a God. We believe this; but to know it gives life and vigor to the soul. Then when the child of God is taken from our sight, we know that he is raised to glory, honor, and immortality. In the presence of this knowledge the apostle exulted. He heard the sound of the trumpet announcing the victory. Oh, ye saints in this church of God, know that God has advanced one to behold the glory of God in heaven!

Can you think of any reason why, in the fullness of her life, midway in this career, she should be transferred from this place of boundless influence, but that in that world above God has some grander employment for her?

I do not know what it is. Dear friends, it has come to me many times of late — more of late than ever before, as some whom I have loved and admired have gone from us — some of those who seem to be needed in the world more than a thousand men besides — I have had to say, in the poor and blundering way I have learned to say it, I believe that these magnificent powers with which we are intrusted mean a magnificent work beyond the splendid stars, and that the work needed them more there than here. I do not know what it is. I stand with the beloved disciple and say I do not know. “It doth not yet appear,” only this, they “shall be like Him” for “they shall see Him as he is.” To be like Christ, seeking to minister and to give, this is life.

We bear in our hearts to-day these to whom this sorrow comes the closest. There is given to them this consolation, this quietness, the peace of God. God breathes his breath of peace. He never overrates our strength, nor underrates our burden. He breathes peace. There comes, also, the assurance of the higher employment into which she has been summoned, admirably prepared. There is likewise the work remaining here. You who know her know as well what she would say, standing here this afternoon, as if she were here to say it. You will know to-morrow when some want



comes to you, what she would say ; when some sorrow is upon you, and she enters your door. If your heart is reaching out in the spirit and gladness of youth, it does not need the continued utterance of the voice, if there be this ceaseless utterance of a life that is treasured in faithful memories.

Often has God been nearer than near to her. I am told that there came to her in these last months what might have been expected, what does not always come, a special revelation of the presence of God. Withdrawn from scenes of activity, she found herself looking face to face upon this change so soon to come. There was given to her the vision of the beyond. She saw Christ with the vision of the heart. She thought with Him ; she felt his presence ; she heard his voice. Why not ? Should not the Father of all mercies comfort and guide his child in the time of her extremity ? Such visions would be more common if we had the clear and open eye to behold them. We might more often see the Lord transfigured, if oftener we went up the mount where the glory streams from within and brightens his garments until they outshine the snows of Hermon.

Let us receive it as the lesson of life. This lesson which was hers was not meant to be hers more than ours. Let us live simply and quietly with God. The victory, the gladness,

which came to her bring honor to every one of us. Is not this life more real, immortality more sure, as we feel the divine heart, the divine spirit breathing through the human spirit its own truth and grace and life?

My dear friends, let us believe God; then there is something to rest upon. Let us believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, whose resurrection day this is. Let us believe in his prayer, which before the throne of the Eternal One covers our name. And when that prayer shall be answered, and God shall give us to Him, and we shall be with Him where He is, God give to those who loved us grace to speak kindly of us, and then let the trumpet sound.

The choir next sung another hymn which Mrs. Olmstead had selected on the occasion previously mentioned: "Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!"

A poem of Mrs. Hemans, entitled "The Better Land," was read by the Rev. F. W. Merrick, who stated that at the beginning of Mrs. Olmstead's illness, on a night of much suffering, she called for the reading of this poem, which she had committed to memory when a child and repeated at a

Sunday-school gathering. At the conclusion of the reading she had remarked: "That would be good for some occasion."

A hymn, "Deliverance will Come," which Mrs. Olmstead had occasionally sung by request, in the days of her sojourn at Williamstown, was sung by Mrs. W. S. Coburn. She was accompanied at the organ by Prof. E. D. Hale of the New England Conservatory of Music, who assisted the organist and had served as groomsman at the wedding in 1883. Both the singer and the accompanist seemed to catch the spirit of triumph which had been so clearly set forth in the address.


The Rev. D. N. Beach, of the First Evangelical Congregational Church of Cambridgeport, offered prayer, from the language of which the following portions are selected:—

PRAYER BY THE REV. D. N. BEACH.

. . . Oh, thou divine Christ, thou peaceful, calm, and Triumphant One, with the sound of

that trumpet of which we have been hearing forever in thine ear ! we thank Thee that nevertheless Thou wast made like unto thy brethren ; that it is written that Thou didst take our sicknesses and bear our infirmities, and that in all our afflictions Thou wast afflicted. We thank Thee that we read, likewise, " Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." We thank thee that thus wherever there is mourning Jesus is ; that wherever there is sorrow his heart bleeds ; that his glory, triumph, and gladness have suggested flowers and whiteness instead of the emblems of mourning. We ask that wonderful presence to come and brood in each of these our hearts and lives.

. . . We thank Thee at this time of sorrow for that manifestation of God which every true life is ! We thank Thee that the beautiful life of this frail woman was such from her girlhood, in her beautiful, sweet, and serviceable womanhood, in the holy mystery and blessed sacrament of marriage, and in all the way of an earnest life. We thank Thee that, all through, she was so tender, so firm, so a woman, and yet so sagacious, so wise, one in whom the heart of her husband could safely trust ; such a tender, wise, helpful mother ; such a true daughter and sister and kinswoman and friend ; that something not of earth, yea, beyond earth and above it, was exemplified in her ; and that



we were permitted at least some discernment of that which was in her, making her enough and sufficient and adequate for everything that came to her to do.

Oh, for the sweet memories never to be effaced! oh, for the blessed, simple strength and spirituality of her life! oh, for those sweet hopes which are beyond this life, and for that partaking of the divine nature which is permitted us here,—for these we give Thee thanks! Something of God, something of what God is, was manifested in her after the manner of the Saviour who said, as God his Father had sent Him, so He had sent his disciples. In the light of that manifestation, in the light of that sacrament of life, God give us to walk. God give us to uphold, God give us to finish, the work which she left undone. God be with us and sustain us. She is with Thee. She is in the larger life. “His servants shall serve Him, and shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads.” These things are now hers; but we rejoice that she forgets not us. Her prayers, her sympathies, her tenderness, her life, and these dear memories are with us to cherish, while she goes on and advances from glory to glory in that larger life.

Now, O God, we ask Thee that it may be given to us to comfort one another with these

things, and with the mystery of the intertwining of lives, of the life beyond and the life here.

May thy servant who in her had committed unto him most rarely God's great blessing of wifehood, be comforted, particularly by the thought that, of the fruit of that blessed union, one is with her and one is with him here on earth. They share the parental privilege in earth and in heaven.

And this dear child whom she was permitted to witness becoming a member of this church ere she went home, may that young life be gathered up into the motherhood and fatherhood of God. May he be spared to fulfill all that his mother would have prayed and wished for him, and be a comfort and strength to the sorely stricken father.

May parents and brothers and sisters, by blood and marriage, each according to his or her special need, receive the comfort of God. "Who is my brother and sister and mother? Every one that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Oh, do Thou, blessed Christ, be that to each one of the large circle on both sides of this household! Especially draw nigh with thy peculiar comfort to her who in this home so long and tenderly has ministered to sister as only a sister can.

May all kindred and all special friends, may in particular this parish that was so honored

and blessed in having her in this relationship to it, be comforted ; may all its women and all its men, its dear young people and its children, receive the comfort of God. Comfort Thou likewise especially those in other places who have stood in the same relation which those in this church have stood to her, sustaining and helping each. Yea, may sorrowing hearts everywhere be comforted.

Forgive us our sins for His name's sake who loved us and gave himself for us. With the comfort of God hold us up and make us strong. May sorrow not crush us. Nay, may it be what it was to Jesus, the staff, the stepping-stone into the larger joy and the profounder calm and the ampler power to comfort and to quicken life. May this be the experience of each of us when, in thine own time, the stress comes to us. Do thou bring us ever more and more out into the light. Do Thou bring us into the triumph. Do Thou let us hear "the trumpet sound." Do Thou grant us then that, seeing Jesus as He is, and not any longer imperfectly as, at the best, we now see Him, we may be like Him. Through Him we pray. Amen.

The Rev. Frank Hyatt Smith, pastor of the North Avenue Congregational Church, invited the congregation to join in singing,

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish," after which the friends tarried to furnish opportunity to those of the large congregation who desired to pass the casket. As for nearly an hour one after another looked upon the face apparently wrapped in happy slumber, Professor Hale rendered choice selections on the organ. Among these, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," played with variations, touched all hearts. Meanwhile the deacons served as a guard of honor and afterwards returned with the family and friends to the home near at hand.

On the morning of the following day a few friends gathered at the house, where prayer was offered by the Rev. Charles H. Whitney, a fellow member of Pilgrim Church. The remains were then borne to Walton, N. Y., for interment. A sympathizing circle accompanied us as far as the Boston station, and others were met at various places on the way. As the remains passed through Williamstown, a beautiful

floral tribute¹ was brought to the train from pupils and friends in that place. It was presented by the Rev. Mr. Morse, who had known Mrs. Olmstead in Cambridge, where he formerly lived.

The home of Mr. John Olmstead, a brother who accompanied the family, was reached in the evening. At ten o'clock on the following morning, September 18, a loving circle of relatives and acquaintances gathered, some of whom had journeyed a long distance. A delegation from the Congregational Church of Oswego Falls, N. Y., attended the service, adding a handsome offering of flowers to those presented by Walton friends and those which accompanied the casket.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. G. W. Nims, pastor of the first Congregational Church, in language which has been substantially preserved : —

¹ Accompanying this tribute was an expression from the Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, a former pupil of Mrs. Olmstead, who spoke of her as greatly influencing him by her faithfulness and forbearance as a teacher.


PRAYER BY REV. GRANVILLE W. NIMS

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that we know and feel that Thou art our Father, and that like as a father pitieth his children so Thou dost pity all who fear Thee. We thank Thee for thy wonderful love manifested in our preservation and all our temporal comforts ; and especially in the rich provision Thou hast made for our souls' prosperity and comfort ; for a Saviour who has atoned for our sins, who broke the seal of the tomb and came forth, the Living One ; for his ascension to thy right hand and continued intercession there ; for the Holy Spirit who takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us ; for that kind providence that is in human history and biography ; that the seeming evil that Thou dost bring upon us is for our good ; that we are assured that all things are working together for our good.

We thank Thee for the life of our departed friend ; for all that Thou didst give her in mind and heart, — for her bright intellect, her loving heart, and earnest purpose ; for the opportunities Thou gavest her for improvement, and her excellent use of these ; that she has been enabled to live the life of love ; for all the help she has been to thy servant in his work for

Thee. And now, since Thou hast taken her to Thyself, graciously bless him. Bless him in his home, and supply out of thine infinite fullness, that he may be comforted in Thee. With the comfort wherewith Thou dost comfort him, may he comfort others. Since the deeps of his nature have been stirred by these fierce storms, do Thou make him a yet greater power for good. Bless and greatly comfort the son, we pray Thee. Spare him unto a life of usefulness. May he reproduce in his life the excellent qualities of his mother, and thus transmit her influence.

Graciously bless all the friends in Cambridge, in Oswego Falls, in Walton, and in the West. May this severe affliction and all the discipline of life be sanctified and blessed to thy glory and our profit. Help us all to so gather up and learn the lesson of the life of our departed friend, that we may live more wisely and nobly. She was active in thy service; may we fill up our short day of life with usefulness. She was cheerful and patient in her labors and suffering; may we stand in our lot patiently and do our work well. Finally, when life and its duties are ended, gather us in our heavenly home, to be with Thee and our loved ones gone before. We ask all these favors through riches of grace in Christ our Redeemer, Amen.



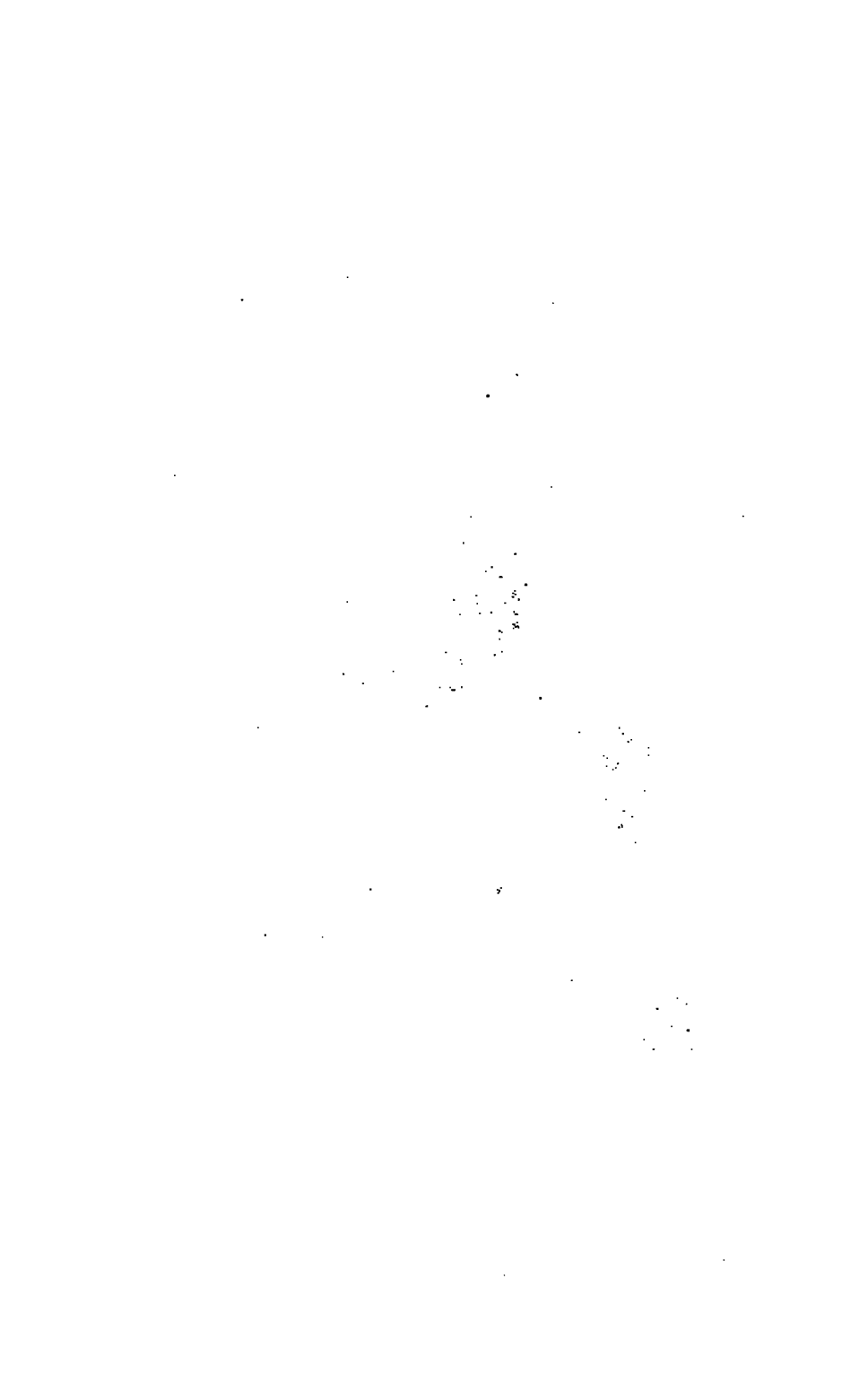
The assembled company joined in singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," after which the journey was made to the beautiful cemetery, overlooking from a distance the banks of the Delaware, a circle of brothers and cousins serving as bearers, and the concluding services of committal and benediction were pronounced. The day was bright. The balmy air was still, and no cloud could be seen in the vault of blue. As the friends reluctantly went their way, death seemed to have lost its terror, and life had new lessons for all.

Conscious

"That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own,"

we could join in the familiar utterance,

"I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are ;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?"





PART II.
CARROLL HANFORD OLMSTEAD

JUNE 20, 1891 — JUNE 10, 1894

THE little conquerer sleeps — to wake with those who “shall be clothed in white raiment” and shall sit with Christ in his throne. . . . The Sabbath comes again. The greensward is still starred with daisy and buttercup; the trees are full and rich and bold with new life; I see the honeysuckle joyfully waving its myriad arms. Beautiful life is here, is there. But a beautiful life is—where? I gaze up into the infinite blue. There blooms for “him that overcometh” the “tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.”

NORMAND PATTERSON.

OUR CARROLL

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky,
Each the welcome, "Come," awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin ;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

EDMESTON.

SATURDAY, June 20, 1891, was a bright and beautiful day in Eastern Massachusetts. The birds were busy building their nests among the fresh leaves, and flowers were bursting into fragrance and beauty on every side. The schoolboy of our household had accepted a previous invitation to spend the day at a home where he was wont to visit, and the house was quiet. The study table had not lost traces of the Children's-Day sermon from Lam. ii. 19 : "Lift up thy hands toward Him for the life of thy young children." As the afternoon

came on, there was presently heard from an adjoining chamber that sweetest of all earthly sounds, the first vocalization of a new life.

Our happiness over such a plump, chubby boy, "just like his papa," as so many subsequently exclaimed, only lacked the presence of our first-born, who had so often prayed that God would send him a little brother. Going after the absentee, I returned with him and heard him express great surprise that his mamma should be in bed before night. Being invited to behold the newcomer, and being told that he was ours, he looked suspiciously at the nurse and eagerly asked, "To keep?" In assuring him that the precious baby was indeed our own, how little we knew for how short a season he would be ours to keep.

"I was so very rich because
The child was mine.
I did not think he was but lent
A little time.
I dreamed for him bright dreams
And he?
The castles that he built
Were all for me."

I cannot soon forget the vigorous clapping of hands and leaping for joy which attended the declaration. When the name had been announced, it was with much delight that he occasionally proclaimed our ability as a family to complete the "quartette in the key of C." It proved to be a gift that was neither hard for him to care for nor wearisome to keep—a veritable "sonbeam," as a facetious editor designated him. In journeying, when a walk was inevitable, Clarence would help carry the precious burden wrapped in slumber, or a satchel and umbrella would serve as a bunch of Eshcol clusters between him and mamma. This warm affection was earnestly reciprocated as the years advanced. To remarks about "the little baby I got on June 20," we learned to associate joyous responses of "Brother! brother!" and much following about. Even remarks about Carroll's looking more like papa were endured for baby's sake. It is pleasant to recall how they used to sit together as

lovers ; how earnestly baby would call for "Ca," till finally he could say "Clarence," and how such fond inquiry after "Brother" on the last afternoon of life was rewarded with his appearance, bringing from the fields a large bouquet of white daisies, of which both were very fond.

In a little book of "Snowdrops" which Clarence had received from a playmate at the time of Carroll's birth were words for that afternoon : "He will beautify the meek with salvation," while other dates had passages as appropriate. Scarcely two weeks passed before Clarence became seriously ill with diphtheritic croup. The disease took a deeper and firmer hold of his life from day to day. It looked for a season very much as if the earthly acquaintance of these new-found friends must be indeed brief, but through careful nursing, skillful physicians, and a merciful Providence, hope returned. On his seventh birthday the tube through which for four days he had drawn the breath of life was successfully

removed, and recovery was finally complete. After the illness came a period of sojourn among the mountains, from which a happy household returned to the Cambridge home. Baby had learned the vocabulary of "Agoo," and had grown to be a very important and attractive personage.

It would not be possible to trace the pathway of such an active, wide-awake boy through all of a single one of his busy years. We know that he must live in the hearts of those who knew and loved him if his little life is to leave any lasting impressions behind it. On the 8th of November, when nearly five months old, we bore him to the church, where at the baptismal font we publicly committed him to the care and covenant of Him whose promise we believed. Summers he journeyed with us, and made the acquaintance of many relatives and friends. Never, save for the performance of some duty, did his mamma leave him to the care of others, and no one who shared such responsibility ever felt it a burden.

Such an occasion of surrendered care is referred to in the following words, written for the "chain" letter, June 16, 1893, when Clarence was ill with contagious disease, and was under his mamma's care:—

It has been my almost daily resolve to write Mary, ever since I first knew she was going to India, but have failed to carry out my intentions. I wept over her tender and loving words¹ about the little nephew she had never seen. We hope to follow this letter almost immediately with a photo of him. I feel the need of the latter myself, as I am not allowed at present to care for him. However, after Clarence was sleeping nicely last evening, I took all the precautions that could be thought of and went out in the yard where he was helping papa mow the grass and put the lawn in order. I also put him in bed.

¹ This probably refers to the following, written from New York six months before: "In bidding my pastor and wife good-by, God did give such a blessing. To crown the day, little Henry, the seventeen months' old cherub, so shy and afraid of strangers, reached out his hands from his father's arms, took me by the chin with both hands, and kissed me, and then he was not satisfied, but did so again of his own accord. His parents were surprised, but I took it as God's seal to the message I had brought. It had still another meaning for me. Henry is just Carroll's age, and has always seemed to me to represent him. It is indeed hard to go away without seeing your dear baby, but that second kiss of Henry's I took as dear Carroll's good-by."

He was so loving, so interested in what was going on, so full of fun, that many a time his ringing laugh led the company. Once when he had not awaked from a nap to sit with us at dinner, a feeble attempt at wit brought no apparent appreciation, but I was consoled with the remark, "Papa, if Carroll were here, he would laugh at your joke." When, because of his clear enunciation, he was sometimes asked to repeat a hard word, he would decline, and then add with a twinkle in his eye, "I can't say *Massachusetts*."


When the protracted illness of his best friend began, he turned to his papa with eager clinging. As we were forced to leave him for errands and duties, he was invariably at the window to throw kisses and wave his farewell. His eagle eye seemed to observe every footstep. He was ready to help attend to daily duties about the house and then go to the study to write letters to grandma. He made frequent and regular visits to the sick-room, and at

meal-time was very grateful for "another little taste of strawberry" from mamma's plate. If clouds gathered in his horizon, a word concerning a Christmas trip we had made to see the "Brownies" in White's window brought instant return of sunshine. Sometimes he would awake very early in the morning, and we would hear his merry laugh as he kicked his chubby feet in the air, saying, in remembrance of a previous visit to the farm, "Go grandpa's, see pig-gies."

When callers came, he was on hand to greet them. His little cart went across the lawn as many times as the mower. Often he would go up and down the stairs with his hands clasped about my neck, and then after a chase and frolic he would tell stories and incidents to his stuffed kitties which he was so fond of tending. How many times I have returned to the house to find him giving them a ride in his "shoo-fly," and have seen him drop the sport to come to me!



Anything he could do to help delighted him greatly, and many little errands at the store or about the house, which seemed beyond his years, he did with precision and care. His "bumps" of order and ingenuity were prominent. He was very heroic in bearing pain and doing difficult things. Perhaps no trait was more marked than his reverence. From the first of his sitting at table, he would bow his head and repeat certain words when the blessing was invoked. At worship he would help pass the Bibles, and then bring his chair and kitty to sit by mamma. He had a roguish way of saying "father" and "mother," as the nurse had taught him. He was last at church on Easter Sunday, two months before his death. He was very quiet, only once breaking the silence, as he remarked, "There's father in the big chair." Prior to that he had visited the Junior Endeavor Society, which he greatly enjoyed, and often when out, he would point to the church and say, "There's the Christian Endeavor."



The last and only severe illness he ever experienced began the middle of May, twenty-six days before his death. He had made a visit on the previous day at a neighbor's, and in the night seemed to have an attack of indigestion. In the morning a rash appeared, and as his round little body lay upon the bed by the side of mamma, the truth became evident that he was suffering from an attack of scarlet fever.

He was placed in quarantine with Aunt Emma, and there the true heroism of the young life appeared. As he rallied from the attack he would eat his meals, placing the dishes in the exact order of their size, and engage in wonted pastimes. Here too his ingenuity found occasion for marked expression. It was not till the recovery from the disease was apparently complete and the period of desquamation was over, that a more serious sequel was discovered, which at once assumed the form of acute Bright's disease. All was done for the sufferer that could be wisely suggested to

give relief. Many earnest and trusting prayers were offered. He cheerfully did all that was asked of him, and when sometimes he was rewarded with a shining coin, he always asked for the mission box¹ into which he put the money. Even when his illness grew severe, he looked with pleasure at Bible pictures and listened to stories. He gave close attention to lines about "driving home the cows" and personal recitals. When shown a picture of Jesus blessing little children, he said, "Yes, He put out his arms to them." He was quite fond of hearing about a boy who confessed that it was he, and not a tramp, who had painted his sister's bronze shoes with ink. He would look sober and sad till the point of confession was reached in the story, when his face would glow with delight, and he would exclaim, "He got good!"

One day during his illness he said to me, "Papa, put a postage stamp on me, so I'll

¹ He belonged to the company of "Little Light Bearers" who were saving money for children's work in Turkey.

be a letter." The remark brought pain, for I had read of "papa's letter" that went to be with God, and I turned away, but an attendant responded to his request.

On the morning of Saturday, June 9, his bed was placed in the study in the front chamber, and he enjoyed the change. It brought him nearer his mamma, and into a room he loved to visit. He enjoyed the flowers Clarence and cousin Rankin brought him. The day passed, and the night showed few indications of a favorable turn in the disease. About two o'clock on Sunday morning he called loudly: "Mamma! mamma! I want you to come!" Burdened with her own weakness and suffering, the mother's heart responded, and she went in and sat for a time at his side, where we each lifted our voices in prayer, and in a little service set apart our dear one to the will of the great Giver of life.

Later, when I was downstairs, he called as loudly, "Papa, papa!" How deeply were the words impressed upon us, "Like

as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, saith the Lord." There came a new glimpse of the heart of Him who yearned over Ephraim and said, "How can I give thee up?" We were conscious of how much of beauty and sweetness there was in the opening bud developed beyond his years, and of the sunshine and happiness which had reigned supreme in its tender life. I did not leave the bedside again. He who had a right to my sympathy and love was to have all that I could bestow.

Presently the light came streaming from the east, ushering in the sacred Sabbath, the morning of one of those choicest of June days — the Sabbath known so widely as Children's Day. The birds began to warble their morning songs, and the bells sounded the hour of four, just as the sufferer, apparently conscious, but unable longer to speak, looked up. There was a return of the paroxysm, the sweet face

relaxed, the hands fell across the breathless bosom, and the battle had been fought and the victory won. As the loving spirit returned to the great and good Giver, I placed a tender kiss upon his cheek and put into his hand one of the daisies his brother had picked for him upon the hills. I told him that he had been a loving child, and bade him good-by for the "little while."

Stepping to the adjoining room, I announced to the watcher there the arrival and departure of the heavenly chariot, bearing the precious offering of our love, just blossoming into his three years of growth in the garden of earth, and saw with what composure the sick one was able to receive the tidings. Believing that the crackle of the fiery fagots of trial had been exchanged for the music of the celestial city, where the heavenly home had been prepared; that the outlook of a joyous life on earth had given place to rapturous visions of the kingdom of "the crystal river

and the unsetting sun," we could together say :—

" The glorified
Is free. A new, sweet tone
Trembles amid the anthems round about the Throne,
And, from its place,
The chosen spirit sees Emmanuel's face."

Going to Clarence's room in a neighbor's home, where he was staying that he might not lose the privileges of school, he too lifted the voice of prayer, saying : " O Lord ! we did not know that thou didst desire to take our little Carroll so soon." We could all say :—

" We know He will but keep
Our own and his until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The here and there."

One whose name in part our dear one bore, and who knew him intimately, speaks of these events as follows :—

In the prayers of relatives and friends it was earnestly pleaded that our sister might be spared for the sake of her children, especially that Carroll might not be deprived of a mother



at an age when he needed one most. He never was. The Lord has wonderful ways of carrying out his purposes. By taking Carroll to Himself, was he not preparing a way by which He might take the mother also? But with what suddenness and surprise the blow came! The chain in the family circle of twenty-one members broke at what had seemed the strongest point. Every one would have predicted a long life for the rugged little fellow of three.

Carroll had almost as much of individuality and personality as a grown person. In fact I do not think of him as a baby. He was older in actions than those three years would signify. His love of fun and the humorous is not often found in a child of his age. He seemed to understand and appreciate a joke as well as any one, and his cheery laugh was a proof of the fact. He was often the author of some humorous prank himself, and was quick to enter into that of any one else. Often his roguishness took the form of persistently answering any one in the negative, when the twinkle in his eye revealed an affirmative answer. His was a winning and lovable disposition, and no lovers of children would ever pass him by. How large a place he filled, let those testify who knew best.

J. H. O.

A young friend and playmate living next door, who held Carroll in her arms one day when the children's pictures¹ were taken in the yard, sent on the day of his death the following lines : —

As I sit by my window this ev'ning
And gaze on the fast setting sun,
My thoughts are wand'ring to Carroll,
The dear little life that is gone.
Not gone is this pet of the household,
But simply transplanted, that 's all,
And waiting for us over yonder,
Till to us comes the Saviour's sweet call.

This dear little life that now blossoms
With Jesus his Saviour and King,
Looks down from the garden in heaven
And sends you the message I bring.
As in ages ago, when Christ Jesus
Came down from his home in the skies,
And bore to the poor, dying daughter,
The tidings, " I bid thee arise,"

So now in the sad hour of trial
He looked down from his throne in the skies,
And brought to the poor suff'ring baby,
The message, " I bid thee arise."
He took the dear little suff'rer
In his arms to that heavenly throng,
Where the sweet little voice is uniting
With others in heavenly song.

Lovingly, LULU.

¹ On a previous occasion, when eight months old, Carroll's photograph was taken with Clarence standing at his side. That which has been copied for insertion herewith was taken in May, 1893, when he was nearly two years of age.

Kind friends and beautiful flowers were not wanting. Among helpful acquaintances we were comforted by the presence of a dear friend from the Pacific coast, who came to our home on the day the "silver cord" was loosed. The nature of the disease had been such as to make the funeral services essentially private, though a large circle gathered to participate therein on the afternoon of the following day. A quartette from the church sang "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Our dear college friend, Mr. E. D. Hale, assisted at the piano. The service was conducted by my beloved classmate, Rev. E. S. Porter of Bridgewater, who spoke helpful words.

Later, the family circle all gathered about the gentle form nestled among the copious flowers which loving hands had so generously arranged. Accompanied by our youngest brother, at the hour of six we bore across the threshold the white casket in which was sleeping an undefiled temple

of our Lord Jesus, and leaving helpful friends at the Boston station we made the journey to Walton, N. Y., arriving at noon the following day, June 12. Here loving friends gathered at the home of our brother John, and sweet music, similar to that which had been sung on the previous day was rendered.

Pastor G. W. Nims spoke of the advantages that would naturally have come to our loved one in the line of (1) education, (2) happiness and (3) service, and showed how in all these respects he had surpassing privileges in the realm where "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Evangelist Frank L. Smith spoke of the fellowship of the saints and the discipline of suffering as an aid in preparing us to comfort others "with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Rev. J. S. Pattengill, whose intimate association with our family began at the time of my parents' marriage, enforced kindred thoughts from practical

experience. Dr. S. J. White, who was also a former pastor, showed the difference between the theological teaching which emphasizes divine sovereignty and that which enthrones divine love. He dwelt upon the power of the Gospel to uphold and sustain, as in case of the one upon whom the present dispensation was resting most heavily in the Cambridge home.

After prayer had been offered by Rev. Mr. Nims, the procession passed to the family lot at the Walton cemetery, before unbroken. The little mound was covered with choice flowers, no fairer than the fond form there left to await the resurrection morn. As we came from the place there were echoes in the heart of a petition penned at a bedside of suffering when our dear one was first learning the ways of earth, and which was prompted on hearing a hymn of praise in the Pilgrim Church :—

While life's new and toilsome way
Opens to us day by day,
Jesus unto Thee we pray,
Be Thou near.

Our Carroll

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Though our faith be sorely tried,
Though the paths of life divide,
Help us know that One who died
Giveth cheer.

Should the blessings to us sent
Prove that they were only lent,
And life's fondest ties be rent,
Banish fear.

When dark shadows o'er us roll,
When sharp arrows pierce the soul,
Thou canst make the wounded whole,
And art here.

If we meet temptation dread,
Falter where our feet are led,
Thou whose blood for us wast shed
Wilt appear.

So, as hence our way we take,
When the thread of life shall break,
Thou wilt not our souls forsake,
Saviour dear.

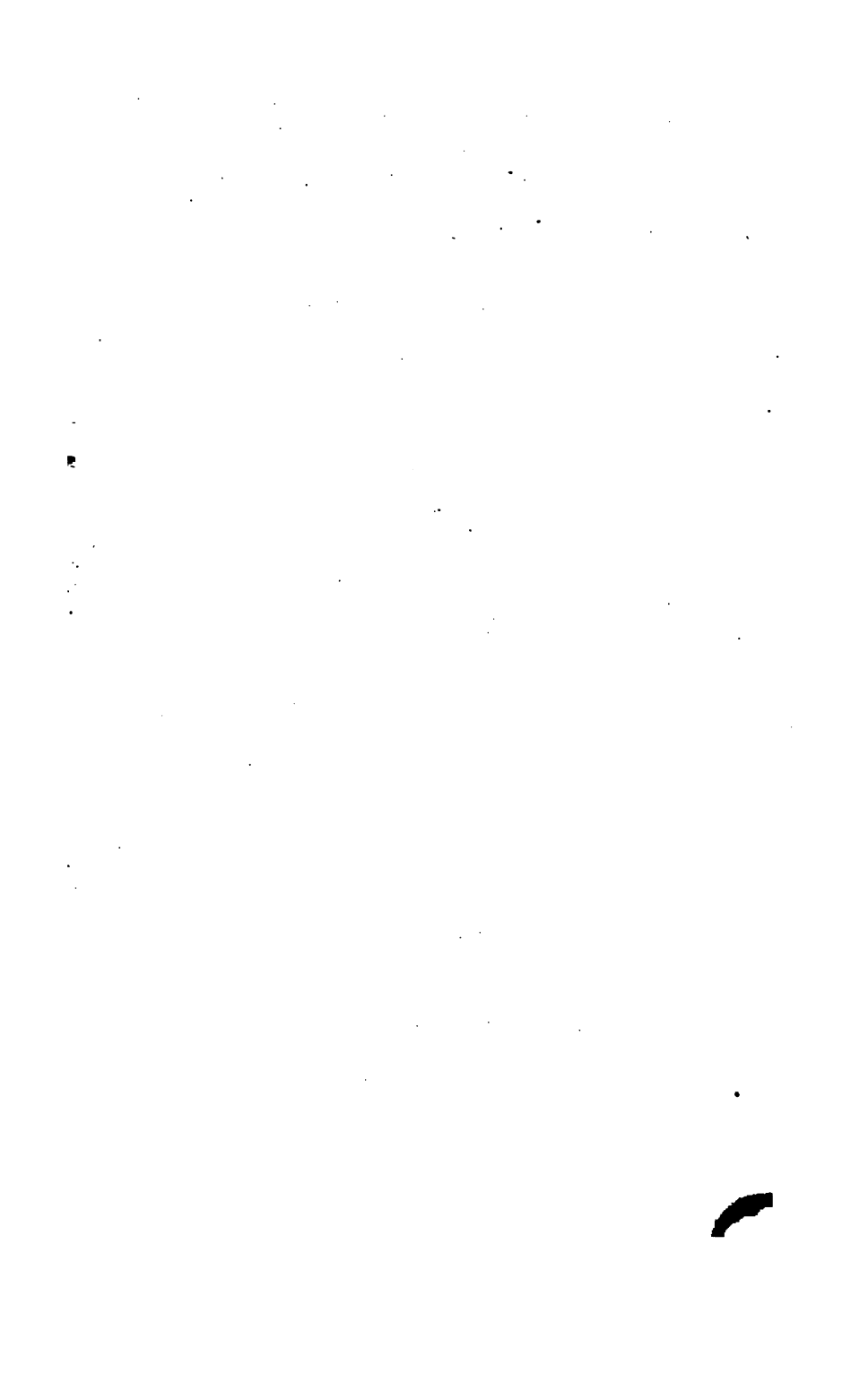
ΣΑΛΠΙΣΕΙ.

But because the way is eternal,
And because no spirit in vain
Can breathe on another God's blessing,
Those pilgrims shall meet again.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE first Sabbath after the funeral of my beloved wife, I found the pulpit wreathed with a beautiful passion flower and vine. To this was attached a card bearing simply the word *σαλπίζει*, the significance of which is explained in these pages, and which has suggested the title of this memoir. I would pass on to you, dear reader, the cheering hope and inspiration of its meaning, as it speaks from the tomb of Bishop Lightfoot and from the sacred page. Whatever sorrow you may experience, may you have the abiding assurance that, in His time, "the trumpet shall sound."







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